

The FORUM

For April, 1919

THE "WHITE WOMAN" WHO HAUNTS THE KAISER

A Fantasy

By H. De WISSEN

WHEN, from the crumbling, crenelated towers of the Hofburg, a flock of black ravens flew, disaster came croaking into the house of Hapsburg. Ancient and legendary, the sombre birds have glided through history. When the black brood winged up from out of the darkness of their tower retreat, draping a funereal guerdon across the clear sky, woe came to Austria-Hungary and their many lands. "The Ravens!" gasped Franz Joseph one day, and then, he died. . . .

When, into the song of the winds as it hurried from the Siberian steppes westward to the palace of the White Czar, there crept a note, strangely human, panic always came to the Romanoffs. The *muzhiks* imagined many things in the winds. They heard voices—voices calling for rain, for bountiful harvests, for peace of soul. The White Czar never heard those voices, only the Voice of the Curse. And, one night at Tsarskoye Selo, the wind spoke to him as it had spoken to czars who had gone before him, upon whom there lay likewise the Curse. It was a wind that groaned—as Alexander had heard it groan before the assassin came. It

was a wind that complained; its voice, a dirge, the anguish of Siberia; and then the tempo quickened—just as it had before Nicholas was slain. The wind spoke swiftly of wrongs that called for vengeance; it became more shrill, enraged, a clanging cacophony. And the little Czar trembled. “The wind of Tomsk!” Then the revolution. . . .

Steeped as they were in medieval mummery, inheritors of superstitions and charms, often looking at life as through a mirror darkly, Hapsburg and Romanoff possessed primitive and childish credence in the supernatural. As did the Hohenzollerns. More mystic even than those other tragic dynasties, the Hohenzollerns put full faith in a legend which came down to them from the days when men swung axes in battle. It was the legend of the White Woman. Just as the “Black Birds of the Hofburg” presaged disaster for the Hapsburgs, just as the “Wind of Tomsk” brought its warnings to the Romanoffs, so had always the ghostly appearance of a Woman in White brought death to a Hohenzollern—or doom. They feared her. All feared her, from the old Markgraf of Brandenburg, every Hohenzollern, down through the centuries to Wilhelm II. . . . In India, where they seem to understand these things, the wise men say, “That which you fear will hunt you down to the inevitable end.” . . . Strange is the Thing that is haunting the Hohenzollern in his silence today. . . .

In the castle of Amerongen is the man who fears sleep. In the old castle quite near the German frontier, closely guarded by the soldiers of Holland’s queen, he broods. Behind its high walls in the garden he walks about, remote from the world—the world he terrorized. His hair is white as snow. His cheeks are sunken; eyes half closed, restless, furtive. Between his eyes is a deep cleft. In the days that were, he was fond of Hohenzollern traditions, customs and legends. But those were days when he was “The Instrument of the Almighty . . . his sword, his representative,” when Poland reeled before his armies, when he shouted, “Disaster and death to those who do not believe in my mission. . . . God orders their destruction and God commands

you through my mouth to do His will." He dared the world, did Wilhelm the Mad. He even dared listen to the legend of the White Woman. But today——

* * *

HE thinks of the old legend and dreads it. In the fifteenth century Berlin and its environs were not a part of Germany; indeed, there was no Germany. The empire which was rent asunder last Autumn was, five centuries ago, marked on the map of Europe by little kingdoms, duchies and provinces, the boundaries of which were constantly changing as each fought with its neighbor. One of the little provinces was the Mark of Brandenburg, with the seat of government, Berlin. Over this and a part of Prussia lorded the Hohenzollerns. The Mark of Brandenburg was the cornerstone upon which they built their empire. In the Mark lived the beautiful Kuni-gunde, Countess of Plessenburg and Orlamunde, two small feudal districts. Her father, the Count who ruled over these lands and owed fealty to the Hohenzollerns, was a grim, old schemer who saw in his charming daughter a chance to further his political ambitions. He desired a closer alliance between his house and that of a distant cousin, Count Sigmund of Plessenburg, a senile, vacuous courtier whom Kunigunde detested.

Her heart was in the southland. There, in the more gentle, laughter-loving Bavaria lived a young noble, known in the courts of Europe as Albert the Handsome. Ruler of the city of Nuremberg with the title of Count, tall, stalwart, a famous hunter, a gallant, a warrior, a striking figure attired for battle, his curly black hair showing from beneath his iron casque, his black eyes, smiling through the slits in his visor, he was a romantic figure known throughout the land. And in the north, in her ancestral castle near Berlin, the beautiful Kunigunde pined for him. Her stern father, bent upon pleasing his venerable cousin, would have none of Kunigunde's romance. So she dreamed of the tall Bavarian and sent her dreams to him by the birds that flew from the colder northern lands where romance was chilled, down to the sunlight and shady groves of Bavaria. The birds never flew back.

The day of her marriage to the old Count of Plassenburg came. From her window, thinking of Albert the Handsome, she watched the bridegroom's carriage as it drove up. There descended, assisted by attendants, a withered man, gorgeous in bright-colored satins and silks. His face was very wrinkled and dry, like parchment. He carried with dainty senility a lace handkerchief, sweet with rare perfumes. His absurdly thin legs were encased in silk stockings of light blue and he wore slippers upon which gleamed large golden buckles. Coughing, he entered the castle on a cane. . . . And so they were married. Kunigunde became the mother of two beautiful children; and there was great feasting and rejoicing in the houses of the peasants. But, alas, the charming Kunigunde was not happy. The voice of her aged husband became more cracked. One day she saw him playing with some toys. He became more preposterous in the doddering foppishness of his dress. When she saw him being helped down by the servants to his meals, she would shut her eyes; and she would see sitting there instead, the tall, flashing-eyed Albert the Handsome, of Nuremburg. But a day came when they put away the gold buckles, the saints and the silk handkerchiefs of the old Count of Plassenburg. He had drawn his last crackling breath. Kunigunde was free—free to marry her beloved Albert.

Perhaps she was too beautiful and he was too handsome. Nature sometimes declines a marriage between two physically perfect beings. For Albert bore no love for Kunigunde and was himself infatuated with the Countess Beatrice of Hainault, a sweet little girl, very small, very slender, inclined to pout prettily, the antithesis of the beautiful but stately Kunigunde. One evening, in the gloaming, Kunigunde stood in her window that faced the south and said, "Free! And Albert, you have waited for me."

* * *

IT being the privilege of royalty to do things which if a poor girl of the peasantry were to do would cause her to be looked upon askance, Kunigunde began the courtship of her

beloved. With joyful heart she watched the dragoon, who was her courier, go galloping away the many leagues to Bavaria, bearing her message, offering her heart and the rule of her possessions to Nuremburg's young nobleman if he would marry her. But Albert the Handsome was enamoured of the pretty little ways of Beatrice, Countess of Hainault. She was such a sweet little thing, and could wind this great tall warrior around her dainty little finger. At the same time, Albert was of noble birth, as was Kunigunde. *Noblesse oblige!* To offend her was not to be thought of. He thought of an excuse. "Ah, my parents. I will say they are opposed to such a marriage." So he told the young dragoon to go back to his mistress and say that he would be glad to marry her but "four eyes now in existence prevent."

Often womanly intuition is keen. Waiting in the castle window for the return of her messenger, Kunigunde, when she saw the little dust cloud in the distance heralding his approach, had a feeling that something was wrong. The dull drumming of his hoofbeats were as the prelude to a Miserere.

"Your Highness, Albert, Count of Nuremburg, conveys to you his most distinguished greetings and regrets that because of four eyes now in existence he is unable to comply with Your Highness' gracious offer of marriage."

With a deep obeisance, Kunigunde's messenger withdrew.

"Ah! He will not marry me because of the two children of the old Count of Plassenburg."

It was her instant deduction from the cryptic message. Her soul was set on Albert the Handsome. Hideous fate! Why should the living inheritance from that senile old person, whom she never loved, stand in the way of her great love? Was she not a noble lady of Prussia? And being such, was she not descended from the gods? A god can do no wrong. . . . That night her two beautiful children died. They were slain in a manner that left no outer sign of violence. And as the legend says, Kunigunde then went back to bed and "did sleep soundly, seeing her way clear." The next morning found her beauty serene and untroubled. An un-

fortunate incident was closed. She sent again for the young dragoon who was her courier.

"Go you to Nuremburg and present to Count Albert my gracious compliments and love and inform him that Kuni-gunde, Countess of Plassenburg and Orlamunde, desires his presence with haste."

The days passed; then a morning when the roads to her castle rang with the coming of a great calvacade and the banners of Nuremburg streamed gaily through the trees. Albert the Handsome was knocking at her gate.

"Beloved," she said, "the four eyes that troubled are troublesome no longer. My hand, my heart, my lands are yours. Now let us be wed."

And she told him how she had received his message, and how she understood why he hated the two beautiful children of the old man who had been her husband.

"Dearest—your eyes—they are like the storm."

The tall figure of Albert of Nuremburg was as implacable as fate.

"Beloved—speak to me—your face, it is set."

Count Albert turned on his heel. "Captain, seize this woman. She has murdered her children."

The soldiery of Nuremburg turned her over to the authorities of Brandenburg. She had uttered a low moan when they took her, and looked upon Albert in a way that would have turned any but a man of stone. In prison, at her trial, she would say nothing. A tall, stately figure, coldly beautiful, she was sentenced to death by the Count of Brandenburg, a Hohenzollern.

A great crowd had gathered for her execution. There was a slight commotion and the soldiers appeared with her. On her way to the platform where the executioner stood, axe in hand, Kunigunde burst away from her guards and confronted the Hohenzollern who had condemned her. She was dressed in white from head to foot, her beauty rarely set off, a rose among lilies. She pointed her hand at the Hohenzollern and broke her long silence. "May a curse fall upon you,

your friends and relatives and children forever and ever. When you come to die, I shall be there, and no member of your family but shall know me."

They beheaded her; her estates were confiscated and given to Albert the Handsome, who in turn gave them as a wedding present to the shy, doe-eyed little Countess Beatrice. But unto the house of Hohenzollern was passed the curse of Kunigunde—the Woman in White. . . . As you shall see.

* * *

TODAY in the castle of Amerongen, in Holland, life is prosaic. There is she who used to be Kaiserin who now spends her time sewing and seeking to calm the storms that ever so often come to her once royal consort. It was one of those days when the east wind brings in from the sea a cold, chill rain that Wilhelm the Mad was first disturbed. In the great hall of the Benetincks his wife was knitting, doubtless happy that her erratic spouse was in the garden; for an hour at least she would have peace. . . . But the door to the garden hurriedly closed; the rasp of old bolts were drawn; a bar fell; a moment of silence, and then she heard slow, shuffling footfalls. He who had been Kaiser stood before her, shaking. "You heard it, Augusta?"

"The storm," she nodded. "It is coming. But it is very warm and cheery in here."

"You heard it, Augusta?"

Her knitting needles darted dexterously. "The wind in the trees, the leaves blowing along the ground—it is nothing."

The haggard face of Wilhelm brightened. "There was nothing else? You are sure?"

"Unless it was the servants in the kitchen, singing as they prepare your Majesty's luncheon. It is such an honor for these simple folk."

"Certainly," and unconsciously the drooping figure of him who had been Kaiser straightened, but he frowned a little. "But, I thought I heard the voices of children"—

The storm came, and rain—the freezing, rushing rain that bursts gustily in from the sea and bears, so the Holland peasants say, the suffering voices of those who have been lost at sea. In the castle of Amerongen many lights burn, and always until dawn. It is the wish of the guest. On the second floor of the building is William Hohenzollern’s apartments. There are the rooms of himself and his wife and of their personal servants. The windows are shut and heavy velvet curtains, ornate with great golden tassels, obscure the wild storm-driven night. The woman who had been Empress is reading; he who had been Emperor is restlessly striding up and down the room, talking, half to himself: “Dorothea of Brandenburg, wife of the Great Elector,” he muses. “My illustrious ancestor attended his funeral in 1688. She was dressed all in white, her face covered with a white veil, her hands in a white muff—the Woman in White,” his voice rose, “as if that meant bad luck for us Hohenzollerns!”

“It is a nursery tale,” said his wife.

And Wilhelm expanded his chest as he had so childishly often done; but when she was immersed again in her reading he stole behind her to the window and cautiously drawing the curtain, looked out. He saw a dripping, inky night. There, in a wing of the castle, a light burned, seeming through the rain a misty, pallid blur. As his eyes became accustomed to the blackness without, he discerned the nebulous shapes of trees and bushes in the garden, night shadows cast against the sky. On the roof the rain pelted and ran gurgling down the old gutters of the castle, a plaintive sound. Out in the garden he saw, in the night, a shaft of white. It moved. It came onward, swaying. Through the rain it seemed pale, sepulchrally pale. No . . . yellow. . . . The man at the window pressed his face against the cold glass. It was not yellow! . . . “Gott! . . . White!”

Downstairs the kitchen door clattered open and came a voice. “Hurry in out of the rain, Hulda, or you will catch your death of cold.” And as the girl with a lantern entered the castle the moving light in the garden was seen no more.

The man who had been watching at the window put his

hand to his brow. It was wet. He spoke to his wife: "But are we sure, Augusta, that this White Woman is only nursery talk?"

With a patient sigh the former Empress laid aside her book. "Your Majesty knows that his father nor his father's father never saw the person in this ghost story."

"True," admitted Wilhelm. "But when Napoleon conquered Germany and they made ready the Palace of Bayreuth for a residence, he refused to sleep there. He said the White Woman walked there. And Napoleon was not a child."

Augusta lifted her chin. "That is French superstition," she said. "We Germans are stronger."

And so the night passed.

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THERE are some things which are strange and upon which one does well not to think too much. From dreary, rain-swept Holland to a little café near the Gare de L'est in Paris it is many leagues. There, on this same night sat three *poilus* in the café, taking refuge from the showers falling now and then upon Paris. They were soldiers whose homes were in the east, quite close to the German frontier. In Paris on leave, they were discussing the day over their *carafon de vin rouge*.

"They say that the guards have been doubled around the Kaiser's place of refuge in Holland," a young Alsatian said; "he fears kidnappers."

"*Eh, bien!*" said an old bearded *poilu*. "That is what the newspapers tell you. I know better. It is not kidnappers that he fears."

"What then?" asked the young soldier. "They say that the Kaiser is losing his mind; that he fears being attacked, and he has asked the Dutch for more soldiers."

The old *poilu* grunted. "They could put an army around him to guard him," he said sagely, pulling at a cigarette, "but they cannot keep out the White Woman of Brandenburg. *Eh, bien*, I know. Who has lived in Germany who does not know?"

The young soldier laughed. "You mean, he fears"—

"*Certainment*," nodded the old man; "the White Woman is after him, and she will get his soul."

The young *poilu* laughed. "Your faith is sublime. I suggest that you change to *vin blanc*."

"You will see," said the old soldier soberly. "The White Woman always dooms every Hohenzollern who does wrong. You laugh. You are young. When you are old, you will respect the things you do not understand. May I tell you? There was that treacherous old king whom the Prussians called Frederick the Great. You know what happened? *Non*? It is as I thought. Frederick loved his sister. She was the only creature in the world whom he loved—she and Voltaire. But after Frederick had done great wrongs, his sister, who was the Margravine of Bayreuth, saw, one night, the White Woman. In a trice she was changed and Frederick came to hate her. On her death, she left memoirs written in those terrible days after the White Woman came. Her memoirs are a record of insane degeneracy. That was Frederick's punishment. She whom he loved, the White Woman made mad. . . . You no longer laugh? My great-grandfather fought with Napoleon. He was in the army that entered Berlin. A sentry at the palace there, a German whom he made prisoner, told him that just before Napoleon came Queen Louise had seen the White Woman and had fled. After that Prussia was crushed. . . . Yes, in Holland, the Kaiser cannot escape the White Woman."

And in Holland?

Strange are the stories which are whispered from out of the castle of Amerongen to the cottages of the peasants thereabout.

"The Kaiser is watching these days. That light which you all see burning in the wing of the castle is for him. They say he hates the dark. Last night Johan saw him by the window. He did not move. He looked like the great statue in Haarlem."

"He is watching for his spirit," a peasant said. "They say he is going mad."

"He talks, they say," his wife added, "of a White Woman."

* * *

IN the great hall of Amerongen Wilhelm, who had ruled Germany, sits meditating. Restlessly, his eyes rove from windows to door, to any ingress from the world. At the sound of a wagon on the road he grips the arms of a great chair, as his eyes stare into space.

As he sits there, memories obsess him. He remembers that day in Belgium, the road to Malines. He hears again the piping and blaring of horns as his imperial car rolls on, splashing the Belgians with mud; on toward the little city where a cardinal of Rome was imprisoned at his command. He sees again the old tower of St. Rombold dimly taking Gothic shape above the distant poplar trees; here, what had been a busy factory, now a skeleton of walls gaping with shell-holes; there burned barns, battle-blasted orchards, the cupola of a chateau, almost shot away, but held in some perverse fashion and swaying a little when the wind blew. Round about are the fields, the hideous fields, pock-marked by the shells, dank now with innumerable pools of muddy rain-water. And over there the lumps, the regular lumps of earth quite symmetrical like one of the military evolutions which he so much gloried in; and above the lumps across the fields as far as the eye can see little wooden crosses, a multitude of the dead. . . .

The idea of a "doom" is as old as time. There was the "golden doom" that a messenger of the gods used to write on a castle gate in letters of gold when a king became too proud. There was the doom that priests read to sovereigns when stars fell. There was the doom which readers interpreted for mighty rulers when they dreamed strangely. There is the Hohenzollern doom.

Steeped in the mystical from boyhood, a student of Chaldean lore, a Christian only on the surface, his civilization a veneer that could be wiped out with one sweep, Wilhelm came into the world centuries too late. His mind was barbarically

mystic. Clinging to his fetish of rule by divine right, his subjects inferred that it was the divine of Christianity. But Wilhelm's conception of the infinite was dark with strange beliefs. In one breath he was wont to invoke the aid of God in his war; in the next, he thought of all the weird, heathen gods of mythology. It was the names of Wotan, Thor, Siegfried and Brunnhilde that he gave to those strongholds on the German front which he hoped would prove impregnable. The mythology of the Baltic lands was weirdly blended in his mind with strange beings from out the pages of old Persian and East Indian tomes.

His mind was a fog of the mystic occult and the supernatural. In times of triumph he was condescending toward these creatures of his imagination. He would allow them to ride with him as he marched over Belgium or flattened out Russia. He conjured them up for purposes of self-glorification, deluded himself with a belief in their existence and put into their fanciful mouths tributes to himself, which in time he came to believe. When he stood on the mountain looking down on the world, all was well. When he was toppled over and became a fugitive, these creatures of his fancy rose like mists from out the subterranean caverns of his Teutonic mind and began to harass him. He had brought into his world a devil's brood which it is not easy to slay. His credulity for these things had so befogged his mind that when he looked into it he could see only vague conceptions of imagined spirits, now turned sinister, and, outstanding, a Woman in White.

* * *

THERE was his wife to tell him it was only a silly legend, but then what did she know of these things? Had he not, through her, told the women of Germany that all they should concern themselves with were the "three K's"—children, church and cooking. There was his private secretary, who had to agree with him, of course, that the White Woman was inseparable from the house of Hohenzollern, but who always added, "But she did not curse every reign, Your

Majesty, and surely she would not come to one who has been so good and considerate to his people as you."

That sometimes helped until Wilhelm remembered that on the night he "dropped the pilot," broke with Bismarck, his own nurse had come waddling into the palace at Potsdam, croaking, "I have seen the White Woman." Ah, he understood now—the Woman in White had cursed him from the day he had come into the world, a misshapen thing, with an arm leprously withered and with strange growths in his throat and ear. He told himself that she had held aloof through the years; that she had postponed her vengeance, waiting until he had grown great before dragging him down.

His thoughts in the daylight hours and at night in his castle of refuge in Holland are obsessed with her. As he stands at the great windows he fancies he sees her in every movement of a bush, in the gardens below. He hears her coming in the wind. By night every passing light seems to be her effulgence. Not a day but that she preys more upon him. And the nights!

Augusta, she who had ruled with him, has gone to the village church. It is the Kaiser's birthday; the simple Hollanders, who did not feel the wrath of his war, are giving a concert in his honor; but Wilhelm will not leave the castle. Alone in the study he broods; all the guests of the house save his personal secretary have gone to the little fete in the village. He can hear his secretary walking around in the room just above him; and then everything becomes still. In the grate a fire burns, now faint, now bright, like life. In the window the curtains stir—chinks in the walls, the draughts of the night creeping in? Something creaks—a board in the stairs yielding? A faint pattering of dropping water—a nation's tears—or in the old castle a pipe has sprung a leak? Wilhelm the Mad hears these things and all the unknown sounds that steal from out of the shadows of a venerable building by night.

When he rises from his chair, and crosses the room, his movements are stiff and halting, like an old man's. He stands at the window and stares out. He sees the stars shine clear,

and black and purple the night reaches away. A lonely figure at the window, peering out into the darkness. Alone? . . . In the study the candles gutter low and bring into being strange movements among the shadows on the wall. He feels presences there with him—things in the corners, behind him, all about him—vague fancies, released from the caverns of his mind. A child shrieks. “Gott!” They tell him afterwards that a servant’s baby awoke from a dream. Not until the dawn does he leave the window; then, dark under the eyes, mumbling, he staggers to bed. The White Woman has not come. . . . But tomorrow?

IDLESSE

By LEONIE DAVIS COLLISTER

I saw the red sun burn away
The incense of a bright blue day.
Like shaken petals on the grass,
I saw my dream-blown visions pass;
And then the purple night slipt down
A royal cloak upon the town.
O purple night! O bright blue day!
You’ll drift with centuries away,
But you have glowed and throbbled for me,
And set aflame the glistening sea.
Larkspur may find a deeper blue
In my heart’s dust, because of you.

HOW TO MAKE AMERICANS

Take the Foreigner by the Hand—Show Him the
Spirit of the Nation

By HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE

[SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR]

TO meet men from Armenia and Italy, from Greece and from Persia, from Russia and from all the nations of Europe, to the very edge of the Atlantic—to look into their eyes, to learn their conception of America, to hear what they believe America offers them, to help them to an understanding of our ideals, our traditions, our opportunities; this is the very first step in weaving them into our flag—the very first step in the process of Americanization.

This is an especially appropriate time for such processes, because I can announce to the country that whatever previous differences have existed between the Federal Departments in their relations to the foreign born are now composed and the larger problems of the melting pot, in so far as they lead up to the moment when an alien has determined to become a citizen and has declared himself of that mind, unquestionably and very properly rest with the Department of the Interior upon which Congress long since conferred the responsibility of supervising public instruction through the Federal Bureau of Education.

But there is another reason that makes the present an auspicious moment to prepare for a more intensive campaign against insulating and disorganizing influences in the Republic. The people of the United States have been engaged for two years and more in a task that has given them a new sense of glory—a sense of glory arising out of the consciousness that they were useful to America—and it has not been limited to the boys in khaki across seas. Those who represent that spirit—the artisans, the merchants, the manufacturers, the women—all have sacrificed as one, have wrought

with heart and hand and purse that they might make the name of America immortal—by making America a synonym for liberty and generosity and knightliness.

It has never seemed to me that it was difficult to define Americanization or Americanism: "I appreciate something, I admire something, I love something. I want you, my friends, my neighbors, to appreciate and admire and love that thing too. That something is America."

THE AMERICANIZATION PROCESS ONE OF HUMANITY

THE process is not one of science; the process is one of humanity. But just as there is no way by which the breath of life can be put into a man's body, once it has gone out, so there is no manner by which, with all our wills, we can make an American out of a man who is not inspired by our ideals, and there is no way by which we can make anyone feel that it is a blessed and splendid thing to be an American, unless we are ourselves aglow with the sacred fire, unless we interpret Americanism by our kindness, our courage, our generosity, our fairness.

We have made stintless sacrifices during this war; sacrifices of money and blood sacrifices; sacrifices in our industries; sacrifices of time and effort and preferment and prejudice. Much of that sacrifice shall be found vain if we do not prepare to draw to ourselves those later comers who are at once our opportunity and our responsibility; and such responsibilities invoke and fortify the noblest qualities of national character.

There is in every one of us, however educated and polished, a secret, selfish, arrogant ego and there is in every one of us also a real nobility. In this war I could see that there came out immediately the finer man and that better self we must keep alive.

We expect that man to search out his immigrant neighbor and say, "I am your friend. Be mine as well. Let me share in the wisdom and instruct me in the arts and crafts

you have brought from other lands and I shall help you succeed here."

There is no difficulty in this, if our attitude is right. Americanism is entirely an attitude of mind; it is the way we look at things that makes us Americans.

What is America? There is a physical America and there is a spiritual America. And they are so interwoven that you can not tell where the one ends and the other begins.

Some time ago I met a man who is one of the advisors of the President of China and he told me of a novel suggestion which he thought might be adopted in that new Republic—that they should have a qualifying examination for members of Congress; that every man who announced himself as a candidate should prove that he knew what his country was, who its people were, what resources it had, what its prospects were and what its relations with foreign countries had been.

If I could have my way I would say to the man in New York, "Come with me and I will show you America," and I would say to the man in San Francisco, "Come with me and I will show you America."

I would give to the man whom I wished to Americanize (after he had learned the language of this land) a knowledge of the physical America, so as to get an admiration, not only of its strength, of its resources, of what it could do against the world, but that he might have pride in this as a land of hope and a land in which men had won out. I would take him across the continent. I would show him the 8,000,000 farms which went to feed Europe in her hour of need. I would take him out into Utah and show him that mountain of copper they are tearing down at the rate of 38,000 tons per day. I would take him to the highest dam in the world, in Idaho. And I would let him see the water come tumbling down and being transformed into power, and that power being used to pump water again that spread over the fields and made great gardens out of what 10 years ago was the driest of deserts.

UNFINISHED AMERICA AND ITS LIMITLESS POSSIBILITIES

I WOULD take this man down South and I would show him some of its schools. I would take him up North and I would show him the cut-over lands of Wisconsin and Michigan, which are waste and idle. I would take him into New York City and show him the slums and the tenements. I would show him the kind of sanitation that exists in some of our cities. I would show him the good and the bad. I would show him the struggle that we are making to improve the bad conditions. I would tell him not that America is perfect, that America is a finished country, but I would say to him, "America is an unfinished land. Its possibilities shall never end and your chance here and the chances of your children shall always be in ratio to your zeal and ambition."

America, we dare believe, will ever remain unfinished.

No one can say when we shall have reclaimed all our lands or found all our minerals or made all our people as happy as they might be. But out of our beneficent, political institutions, out of the warmth of our hearts, out of our yearning for higher intellectual accomplishment, there shall be ample space and means for the fulfillment of dreams, for further growth, for constant improvement. That is our ambition.

I would have that man see America from the reindeer ranches of Alaska to the Everglades of Florida. I would make him realize that we have within our soil every raw product essential to the conduct of any industry. I would take him 3,000 miles from New York (where stands the greatest university in the world) to the second greatest university, where 70 years ago there was nothing but a deer pasture. I would try to show to him the great things that have been accomplished by the United States—250,000 miles of railroad, 240,000 schools—colleges, water powers, mines, furnaces, factories, the industrial life of America, the club life of America, the sports of America, the baseball game in all its glory.

And I would give to that man a knowledge of America that would make him ask the question, "How did this come to be?" And then he would discover that there was something more to our country than its material strength.

A COUNTRY WITH A HISTORY—A TRADITION

IT has a history. It has a tradition. I would take that man to Plymouth Rock and I would ask, "What does that Rock say to you?" I would take him down on the James River, to its ruined church and I would ask, "What does that little church say to you?" And I would take him to Valley Forge and point out the huts in which Washington's men lived, 3,000 of them, struggling for the independence of our country. And I would ask, "What do they mean to you? What caused them, what induced those colonists to suffer as they did—willingly?"

And then I would take him to the field of Gettysburg and lead him to the spot where Lincoln delivered his immortal address and I would ask him, "What does that speech mean to you? Not how beautiful it is! But what word does it speak to your heart? How much of it do you believe?"

And then I would take him to Santiago de Cuba and I would ask, "What does that bay mean to you?"

And I would take him over to the Philippines where 10,000 native teachers every day teach 800,000 native children the English language. And I would bring him back from the Philippines to the Hawaiian Islands.

In Honolulu I had a procession of school-children pass before me and present me with the flags of their countries. There were represented every race, from New Zealand clear along the whole western side of the Pacific.

I went from there to Mauna Loa, to a school, a typical school, in which there were Philipinos, Javanese, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Samoans, Autralians, Americans, Koreans; and I said to the pupils, "Can anyone tell me why we are at war?" A little girl, 13 years old, half Chinese and half Hawaiian, rose and said, "I think I can, sir." We were

up on the side of the mountain, looking out over the Pacific and the only communication with the civilized world was across that ocean. "We are in this war," the child said, "because we want to keep the seas free—because we want to help those who need help." And I have yet to hear a better answer given.

And I would show the man how these children, whether Japanese or American, no matter what their source, stood every morning before the American flag and raised their little hands and pledged themselves to one language, one country, and one God.

And then I would bring him back to this country and say, "Grasp the meaning of what I have shown you and you will know then what Americanism is. It is not 110,000,000 people alone, it is 110,000,000 people who have lived through struggle, and who have arrived through struggle, who have won through work. Let us never forget that!"

SENTIMENTALITY ABOUT A MILLENNIUM

THERE is a sentimentality which would make it appear that in some millennial day man will not work. If some such calamity ever blights us, then man will fail and fall back. God is wise. His first and His greatest gift to man was the obligation cast upon him to labor. When he was driven out of the Garden of Eden, it was the finest, the most helpful thing that could have happened to the race. Because, when man passed that gate, he met a world in chaos, a world that challenged his every resource; a world that, alike, beckoned him on and sought to daunt him, a world that said, "If you will think, if you will plan, if you can persist, then I will yield to you. If you are without fiber—if you are content with your ignorance, if you surrender to fear, if you succumb to doubt, I shall overwhelm you."

The march of civilization is the epic of a man as a workingman and that is the reason why labor must be held high always.

We have nothing precious that does not represent strug-

gle. We have nothing of lasting value that does not represent determination. We have nothing admirable which does not represent self-sacrifice. We have no philosophy except the philosophy of confidence, of optimism and faith in the righteousness of the contest we make against nature.

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICANISM A LIVING FLAME

WE are to conquer this land in that spirit and in our spirit we are to conquer other lands because our spirit is one that, like a living flame, goes abroad.

And again it is like some blessed wind—some soft, sweet wind that carries a benison across the Pacific and the Atlantic. And we must keep alive in ourselves the thought that this spirit is Americanism—that it is robust and dauntless and kindly and hearty and fertile and irresistible and through it men win out against all adversity. That is what has made us great.

It is sympathetic. It is compelling. It is revealing. It is just. The one peculiar quality in our institutions is, that not alone in our hearts, but out of our hearts, has grown a means by which man can acquire justice for himself.

That is the reason why, to the Russian—the Armenian—for example, America is a haven. Let them bring their music, bring their art, bring all their soulfulness, their ancient experience to the melting pot and let it enrich our mettle. We welcome every spiritual influence, every cultural urge and in turn we want them to love America as we love it because it is holy ground—because it serves the world.

Our boys went across the water. Never let us hesitate to speak their glorious names in pride—our boys went across the water, because they were filled with the spirit that has made America; a spirit that meets challenge; a spirit that wants to help. Combine these two qualities and you have the essence of Americanism—a spirit symbolized by the Washington Monument; that clean, straight arm lifted to heaven in eternal pledge that our land shall always be independent and free.

In Paris the President of this country, called by duty out of his knowledge of what war can do, out of a sense of its futility, out of a sense of its barbarity, is working that a better day may be brought about. He has invoked the genius of Europe to devise with him the machinery by which this curse may at least be minimized.

If you will visualize Woodrow Wilson at the council table striving for the happiness of mankind, together with the boy in khaki whose sense of loyalty carried him into the Argonne Forest there to perish for the might of right, you have a picture of the spirit of that Americanism which is worthy of the tradition and living hope of our country.

HOW WE CAN SPREAD AMERICANISM

HOW best may we spread that spirit through the land, how best can we explain our purposes and interpret our systems?

Through the community council, through the school.

I have asked Congress for an appropriation which will permit us to deliver from bondage thousands, tens of thousands, millions of children and men and women in these United States—to liberate them from the blinders of ignorance, that all the wealth and beauties of literature and the knowledge that comes through the printed word can be revealed to them.

We want to interpret America in terms of fair play; in terms of the square deal. We want, in the end, to interpret America in healthier babies, in boys and girls and men and women that can read and write. We want to interpret America in better housing conditions and decent wages, in hours that will allow a father to know his own family.

That is Americanization in the concrete—reduced to practical terms. This is the spirit of the Declaration of Independence put into terms that are social and economic.

UNCLE SAM'S SPY POLICIES

Safeguarding American Liberty During the War

By JOHN LORD O'BRIEN

[THE SPECIAL ASSISTANT TO THE UNITED STATES ATTORNEY GENERAL]

WITH the perspective of years no achievement of the Americans in the war will loom larger or more significant than the triumph of American civil law, the lack of internal disorder and the law-respecting attitude observed throughout the country by both citizen and alien alike. No other nation came through the struggle with so little disorder and with so little interference with the civil liberty of the individual. No historical appraisal will leave out of its reckoning, consideration of the attitude of Attorney-General Gregory and the Department of Justice. There is no other department of the Government whose activities during the war have more nearly affected the life and habits of the citizen; none has been so fully responsible for the protection of the constitutional and civil rights of the citizen—and, it may be added in passing, no other department has received such a plenitude of advice from the citizen.

Early in the war certain principles were definitely decided upon. Those principles were adhered to by the Department of Justice throughout the war, and the policy formulated at the beginning remained unchanged to the end. This policy was based upon the confidence felt in the law-abiding character of our citizens and the conviction that in this country it was very generally recognized that liberty meant obedience to law, self-control and self-restraint, and that in every part of the country the strongest deterrent influence against disloyalty was neighborhood public opinion.

It was the view of the department, therefore, that there should be no repression of political agitation unless of a character directly affecting the safety of the state; that the constitutional guarantees protecting life and property must

be strictly enforced, and that under no circumstances should the military or naval authorities be permitted to do any act which would arbitrarily interfere with the life and habits of the individual citizens. And, further, that protection of the innocent was at all times a correlative duty with punishment of the guilty.

The American Government entered the war with substantially no law on the statute books affecting the conduct of the individual except the Treason Statute, which proved well-nigh useless, and the Internment Statute, which affected only alien enemies. In addition to the lack of adequate war statutes, early in the war, another defect in our law administration came from the fact that prior to our entry into the war the few statutes aimed to prevent breaches of neutrality were most inadequate. In cases arising under these statutes, which came on for trial after we had entered the war, even where the maximum penalty was inflicted, the public were justly critical and discontented with what seemed to them to be a miscarriage of justice. On several occasions offenders were prosecuted and convicted under the provisions of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act because no other statute could be found with which to reach their activities. In short, on the law side, this country, prior to our entry into the war, had on the statute books almost no protection against hostile activities, and, throughout a great part of our own period of war, had inadequate protection against the activity of hostile propagandists.

OUR SPY MANIA AND SPY ABSURDITIES

THE confidence of the public, which is at all times essential for the orderly administration of justice, was seriously affected by this condition of the statute law. But there were other contributing causes as well which greatly intensified this situation, caused dissatisfaction with civil procedure and at times imperilled the maintenance of public confidence. Of these causes, the chief was, of course, the

universal prevalence of war emotion, which naturally intensified with the progress of the war.

Curiously, one of the chief embarrassments caused by this general condition was the spy mania. Throughout the country a number of large organizations and societies were created for the purpose of suppressing sedition. All of them were the outgrowth of good motives and manned by a high type of citizens. The membership of these associations ran into the hundreds of thousands. One of them carried full-page advertisements in leading papers from the Atlantic to the Pacific offering in substance to make every man a spy chaser on the payment of a dollar membership fee. These associations did much good in awakening the public to the danger of insidious propagandas, but no other one cause contributed so much to the oppression of innocent men as the systematic and indiscriminate agitation against what was claimed to be an all-pervasive system of German espionage. One unpleasant fact continually impressed on my associates and myself was the insistent desire of a very large number of highly intelligent men and women to become arms of the Secret Service and to devote their entire time to the patriotic purpose of pursuing spies. This army of volunteer unofficial spy chasers stands in contrast to the enormous army of civilian volunteers who patiently and unostentatiously devoted their full energies to the constructive work of aiding their country in the Red Cross, the war charities and other branches of war activity.

For obvious reasons it was impossible for those in authority to make at any time a statement as to the probable extent of the spy system maintained in this country by our enemies. It is still too early to disclose the truth. Nevertheless, it may be now said, without detriment to the public interest, that any suggestion that the Central Governments had an organization of two hundred thousand spies in this country is nonsense.

One other aspect of this agitation is perhaps of more interest to the psychologist than to the student of civil rights, namely, the large number of false stories of enemy activities

within the United States, put forth through the medium of press dispatches, pamphlets of patriotic societies and occasionally speeches in Congress. A phantom ship sailed into our harbors with gold from the Bolsheviki with which to corrupt the country; another phantom ship was found carrying ammunition from one of our harbors to Germany; submarine captains landed on our coasts, went to the theatre and spread influenza germs; a new species of pigeon, thought to be German, was shot in Michigan; mysterious aeroplanes floated over Kansas at night, etc. Then there were the alleged spies themselves—Spoermann, alleged intimate of Bernstorff, landed on our coasts by the U-53, administrator of large funds, caught spying in our camps, who turned out to be a plumber from Baltimore. Other alleged spies caught on the beaches signalling to submarines were subsequently released because they were, in the several cases, honest men, one of whom had been changing an incandescent light bulb in his hotel room, another trying to attract the attention of a passerby on the beach, etc.

MAINTAINING AMERICAN FAIR-PLAY

THERE was no community in the country so small that it did not produce a complaint because of failure to intern or execute at least one alleged German spy. These instances are cited, not to make light of the danger of hostile activities, nor to imply that incessant vigilance was not necessary in watching the German activities, but to show how impossible it was to check that kind of war hysteria which found expression in impatience with the civil courts and the oft-recurring and false statement that this Government showed undue leniency toward enemies within our gates.

In no field was this temper more evident than in the attitude created by these unofficial organizations toward unnaturalized Germans and Austro-Hungarians throughout the country. Early in the war these people were naturally regarded by the public as our largest potential element of danger. The expression, "enemy alien," used in the old In-

ternment Statute of 1798 to describe these unnaturalized residents, in and of itself carried the impression of hostility to this country. Thousands of intelligent citizens and some important newspapers continually advocated the internment indiscriminately of all alien enemies; and no amount of statistics on their loyalty or of good conduct on the part of this large class of persons seemed to have the effect of lessening the agitation. They were under suspicion by the majority of their neighbors in every community; they were the subject of incessant investigation at the hands of police officials and amateur detectives, and the extent to which their normal lives were interfered with can only be a matter of conjecture.

No other policy so clearly and sharply differentiates America from the other nations at war as the attitude which it took on the subject of interning enemy aliens. It was a policy not fully understood and, in the earlier period, was freely criticized; but I venture to say that of all the policies advanced by this Government in the war no other pays a higher tribute to the American ideal of justice, and I believe that the verdict of the future upon this policy will be one of unconditional commendation. For, in a time of war, while punishing offenders severely, we found it possible to close our ears to insensate clamor and to perpetuate the American standards of fair play.

We had approximately five hundred thousand unnaturalized Germans and probably between three and four million Austro-Hungarians. These persons played a part in essential industries which could not be ignored—the Germans in the skilled trades and the Austro-Hungarians in certain other industries, such as steel manufacture and coal mining, to an extent which made those industries virtually dependent on their labor. Secret instructions from the German Foreign Office and other information which came into our possession early in the war showed that after the first few months of the war Germany ceased to employ many German citizens in this country in espionage work, but endeavored to employ, for obvious reasons, persons who were either citizens of this country or who belonged to the so-called friendly alien classes.

During the first three years of the Great War our various branches of the Secret Service had been closely watching the activities of the Germans in this country who were seeking to interfere with any aid to the French or British. It was in the light of these facts, and particularly because of the data gathered through the channels of the Secret Service, that the Attorney General recommended to the President that certain restrictions of movement and employment be placed upon German aliens generally, but that only those be interned who should be found to be dangerous or a menace to the safety of the country.

AN EXTRAORDINARILY EFFICIENT SECRET SERVICE

OVER six thousand cases were submitted to the Attorney General, in a great number of which the individuals were interned, the remainder being released on parole, under restrictions as to habitat and surveillance. Of the number released on parole, less than one per cent ever came again under complaint. Although internment cases were treated always as open cases for the reception of further proof, comparatively few individuals, once interned, have subsequently been released.

The curious anomaly in our jurisprudence presented by the exercise of this power is illustrated by the attitude of the general public on the subject. To insure its fullest value as a deterrent to hostile activities, it was essential that, so far as possible, particularly during the early part of the war, instances of the exercise of this power should be kept secret. Information in the hands of the Department of Justice proved that this was a correct theory. On the other hand, after the first six months of the war, an enterprising press kept the public fully apprised of every instance of internment, together with guesses as to the cause. Fortunately, the majority of the most dangerous enemy aliens had been interned during the early period and the original German espionage system, so far as systematically organized, was successfully broken up before this policy of publicity interfered with it.

It is at present problematical how much interference with civil liberties of individuals resulted from the operations of the American Secret Service. The largest division of this service was that organized by the Department of Justice having as an auxiliary the American Protective League with membership scattered throughout the country. Although the remarkable work of the latter organization is worthy of the highest praise, both the Attorney General and the writer are strongly opposed to any system of citizen espionage in peace time, and the organization above mentioned is already in process of dissolution.

It is not premature to say that the work of the American Secret Service was extraordinarily efficient, and a competent foreign observer is probably correct in saying that this country had during the war unquestionably a more efficient and better organized secret service than any other nation in the world. But a service organized in this manner manifestly included a large membership of persons not familiar with crime and varying widely in individual capability and judgment. This characteristic was true not only of the service mentioned but also in a measure of the membership of the military and naval intelligence forces, both of which were remarkably well officered and intelligently managed. Our difficulties lay not in the supervision of these services, but in the patriotic zeal of many of these subordinates in the field. At times they made mistakes which could not be condoned, as, for instance, on the occasion of the slacker canvass at New York City, where the methods employed were in contravention of specific instructions of the Attorney General.

But in this field again citizens everywhere seemed to understand the object of these activities and good-naturedly submitted to all sorts of inquiries about their business and private affairs. Organized espionage on a large scale is at variance with our theories of government and, as I have said, except as a war necessity, was not favored by the Department of Justice.

AMATEUR DETECTIVES MAKE OUTRAGEOUS WRONGS

ALTHOUGH the Attorney General, so far as was possible, employed his powers to secure the protection of civil liberties, nearly all cases where outrages were committed against individuals lay outside the scope of Federal jurisdiction. During the various Liberty Loan drives, the campaigns for war charities and the loyalty drives, many complaints of ill-treatment and coercion were received by the Attorney General from people against whom assessments had been levied by non-legal bodies who fixed and collected subscription quotas. Considering the extent of the country and the extremely patriotic temper of the people it is perhaps remarkable that great injustice was not done. Nevertheless, some of the instances reported, isolated as they were, were cases of outrageous wrong for which no relief could be afforded by the Federal Government.

Owing to local conditions of intensive patriotism and the fact that those wronged were often aliens or persons under a cloud of supposed disloyalty, it was difficult for them to secure redress at the hands of their local authorities. The one large outstanding fact which most affected the enforcement of law throughout the war was that the public looked upon the war as the nation's affair and not only laymen but the local law officials looked to Washington for the fighting of all wrongs whether they were disloyal utterances, hostile activities or overzealous patriotic activities. Taken by and large the number of cases of seriously wronged individuals was negligible; but at that, the number was too large.

It is too early to appraise the work of local councils of defense and it would be wrong to attempt to do so by mere generalization. The differences between them were almost as many as the number of the organizations. In connection with floating war loans and decrying disloyal sentiments they performed services of immeasurable value. On the other hand, representing as they did the most intense spirit of local patriotism they interfered with the civil rights of many people, and evidences were not wanting that in occasional

cases their interference with civil rights and civil liberties resulted in serious wrongs. The very fact of their being in existence made them listening posts for rumormongers as well as for legitimate complaint. For example, one Federal officer of the Middle West recently informed the writer that he had received approximately three thousand complaints from local councils of defense in his territory out of which less than one hundred were worthy of serious attention. Some of them provoked grave discontent, the effects of which cannot now be estimated, because of the manner in which, without legal authority, they arbitrarily assessed, against members of their respective communities, demand quotas for Liberty Loans, Red Cross and other war charities.

The respective claims of the leaders of the farmers' movements and their political opponents, and the charges and countercharges in conflicts between employers and employees, were matters of daily concern to the Department of Justice throughout the war. A similar but more intense source of anxiety was caused by an organization of a very different type—the I. W. W., whose activities pervaded the entire Pacific Coast, as well as the mining States of the West and Northwest.

MAINTAINING CIVIL RIGHTS

THE general policy of the Attorney General toward free speech has been well understood and adhered to by his subordinates with a good deal of consistency. From the outset, recognizing that free expression of public opinion is the life of the nation, we have endeavored to impress upon our subordinates the necessity for keeping within the lines of policy established by Congress and bearing in mind at all times the constitutional guarantees. Repeatedly their attention has been called to the fact that expression of private or public opinion relating to matters of governmental policy or of a political character must not be confused with wilful attempts to interfere with our conduct of the war. At all times we have had before us the dangers which follow attempts to re-

strain public discussion and, so far as instructions issued by the Attorney General have been concerned, they have consistently and at all times emphasized this general policy.

No full discussion of the subject of civil liberty could be had without giving consideration to the powers exercised by the Post Office Department in connection with printed matter alleged to be of a character in violation of the Espionage Act. These powers of the Postmaster General were exercised by him alone; the Department of Justice had no share or part in administering them, and for that reason no discussion is here made of that field of war control.

The attitude of the Attorney General opposing the suggestion of military courts is a matter of common knowledge. That suggestion, in the light of subsequent events, now appears grotesque. Not only have we been opposed to any such idea, but our policy lay deeper. We were opposed to all and any interference on the part of the military or naval authorities with the civil rights and even the habits of the average citizen. Behind the scenes we took frequent occasion to emphasize this view which, I may add, was thoroughly approved by the Secretaries of War and Navy, respectively.

VIA AIR-LINE, NOW

The New Skyways of the World

By WILLARD HART SMITH

“**T**HE commercial machine, even though it should be going on a journey from England to India, must always be within touch not necessarily of an aerodrome but of an alighting ground. My idea is that there should be landing grounds every ten miles throughout the world, with wireless or telephonic means of communication with depots, so that if your mail came down through engine failure, all that the pilot would have to do would be to telephone the nearest depot, ‘I am down with engine failure on Ground 8,’ and within a very short period a fresh machine and a fresh pilot would be speeding to his assistance.”

Those are the words of Holt Thomas, the most imposing figure in British aviation. He is not a man who pleasantly permits his imagination to riot when thinking of the scientific. Thomas comes from London, a British business man, who counts the pence, shillings and pounds. He is president of the Aircraft Manufacturing Co., Ltd., the firm which built the famous war planes designed by Captain G. de Haviland. Thomas is a doer, not a dreamer; and the tenor of his statement shows the way Europe is thinking about the aeroplane. This Englishman is somewhat concerned over the commercial use of the aeroplane; not that he has the slightest doubt but that the skies will soon be swarming with aerial expresses and mail carriers, but, to quote him: “The first point I have recognized with regard to linking up the world by aerial route is the fact that, very unfortunately, British celestial rights apparently end in mid-channel.”

Linking up the world by aerial route! The thought—“territorial air,” superseding “territorial waters.” Thomas is completing negotiations with foreign governments so the British aircraft may fly to all parts of the earth. He has or-

ganized in Norway "Det Norske Luftfartrederi Akieselskap," or the Norwegian Aerial Transportation Co—this, so as to open mail service between Aberdeen, Scotland, and Stavanger, Norway. In like manner he has affiliated his London Aviation Corporation with the Compagnie Générale Transaérienne of France, with the Societa Transporti Aerei Internazionali of Italy, with the Aerial Transportation Co. of India. All this has been done. The organizations are in existence, some of the mail routes connecting these countries are already in operation; others are being reconnoitered, photographed from the sky.

CARRYING THE MAILS THROUGH SPACE

THE European sky teems with aviation activity. One sees there the aerial post winging its way from Berlin to Munich, from Vienna to Budapest, from Rome to Brindisi, from Madrid to Barcelona, from London to Paris, from Paris to Lyons, to Marseilles, to Nice, to Corsica. Danish mails are being flown from Copenhagen to Esbjerg, and to Aarhus, Gothenburg and Christiania. A mail-bag picked up by a French seaplane at Marseilles is rushed through space to Timbuctoo via Algiers. Planes are rising out of the ashes of Belgium, flying from Brussels to Liège and Antwerp.

Captain Herrera, chief of the Spanish Military Air Force, is in constant consultation with King Alfonso relative to an aerial post between Spain and the United States. The Italian Colonial Minister has officially announced the opening of mail service from Italy across the Mediterranean to its African colonies. The British are planning to link up their far-flung dominions with London by aerial post. In Australia a company has been organized for this purpose, also in Canada, also in Cape Town, South Africa. A big Handley-Page biplane has already charted the route from Egypt to India. A score of well organized, financially backed plans have already matured into actual operation or have reached such a point that trial mapping flights have been made throughout all the Old World excepting Russia. On New Year's Day South

American mails began operations, the first service being established between Santiago and Valparaiso, in Chile. The Brazilian Government has granted a concession allowing a company to carry mail between the various capitols of the different states. What has been done in the United States?

In using the aeroplane as a mail carrier, America has attained greater success than in any other phase of commercial aviation. The service began during the war, with the New York, Philadelphia and Washington mail opening on May 15th, 1918, and continuing under the direct supervision of the War Department for three months. During this period Army fliers demonstrated it to be perfectly practical and so, on August 12th, the entire service was taken over by the Post Office Department. Postmaster Burleson intends connecting the principal commercial centres of the country by a system of aerial trunk-lines and feeders; and also to connect us with the West Indies and Latin America. He has issued maps which show the aerial mail routes and the points they connect. His system spans the American continent with a main line from New York to San Francisco, with feeders going out from Chicago, to St. Louis and Kansas City and to St. Paul and Minneapolis. There will be another feeder from Cleveland to Pittsburgh.

The second main line extends from Boston to Key West, with feeders from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, from Washington to Cincinnati, from Atlanta to New Orleans. His third great line goes from Key West to Panama by way of Havana, and his fourth from Key West to South America by way of Porto Rico. Today most of these routes exist only on paper, but so surprisingly efficient has been the daily service between Washington and New York—the mails being carried regularly without serious accident—that the volume of business has increased 600 per cent from the day it was opened.

THE STUPENDOUS TASK OF OUR AIR POST

“**V**ERY few persons realize what an undertaking this is,” said Otto Praeger, in charge of the Aerial Mail.

"Never has a trip by air been undertaken whereby a ship leaves for an 800-mile voyage, one each way, a day, flying over mountains with very few landing places—an undertaking which six months ago would have been regarded absolutely impossible. When you consider that this is being done with a single motored plane, the task is stupendous."

Postmaster Praeger was referring to the New York to Chicago leg of the transcontinental line. Trial flights have shown him that it is possible to make the distance in nine hours, beating the fastest train by twelve. Five landing fields and emergency stops have been established at Lehigh, Bellefonte and Clarion, Pennsylvania, and at Cleveland and Brian, Ohio. At each of these fields is a hangar, an extra aeroplane, an extra aviator, supplies and mechanics; while at the Chicago end of the flight is a \$15,000 hangar donated by the business men of that city. To carry the mails between New York and Chicago the Post Office Department has engaged twelve fliers, five of whom have seen battle service. All trial trips have been completed and word is expected almost daily that the service is in official operation.

All the other branch lines of the American Aerial Postal System are now being reconnoitered, landing places are being photographed from the sky, emergency stops are being built. The Post Office tells us that it is only a question of time when mail service throughout the entire United States will be in actual operation. The routes to the West Indies and Latin America necessitate negotiations between the various nations involved, but the Postmaster promises that these lines will soon be operating. It is estimated that within a year twelve new inter-city air-mail routes in America will be in active service and that the Post Office will be able to dispatch by aeroplane half of the 100,000,000 night telegraph letters and half of the 60,000,000 special delivery letters which are being sent each year in the United States. The enthusiasts believe that with the advent of the aerial post the telegraph companies will lose about \$100,000,000 worth of business a year because the aerial mail system will be much more efficient and cheaper than the telegraphic night letter. They point out

that an aeroplane can fly 1,000 miles between 6 P. M. and 8 A. M., the hours during which "night letters" are sent; and that for 16 cents one will be able to send an aerial night letter containing a number of words which would cost \$5 were it to go over the wire.

Also, as the mail routes are extended, it is reasonably supposed that the cost of operation will be reduced. The Post Office Department formulates a monthly report on the cost of the aero mail service. In this they include every item conceivable. When the service was started the cost averaged over 60c. a mile; but the latest reports show that a new plane, manufactured especially for mail service, has reduced the cost to 41c. a mile.

COST OF TRAVELING ON THE SKY EXPRESS

THIS brings something quite new and practical into the proposition to carry passengers by aeroplane, viz., cheaper operating costs. Announcement has been made that Capt. Benjamin B. Lipsner, former superintendent of aerial mails, has formed a syndicate to begin aerial passenger service on May 15th. A ticket on the aerial express from New York to Chicago is to cost \$100. The planes used will be bomb carriers of the Handley-Page or Caproni type, capable of carrying a ton deadweight in addition to fuel. This means about twelve passengers, and \$1,200 revenue for the trip, which allows a neat profit for the sky traction company. Many business men would count the higher price of a ticket on the aerial express money well saved, considered in the light of the time saved over the railroad trip. Business men are always willing to pay well for anything that will save time. Reductions in the cost of sky traveling seem inevitable. The experts of the L. W. F. Engineering Co. believe that the cost of operating passenger-carrying aeroplanes is not as great as is popularly supposed. They say, "The entire cost of operation at present should not exceed forty or fifty cents per mile for a plane carrying five passengers. About ten cents per mile per passenger would amply cover the cost of operation, maintenance and pay good dividends on the investment."

There are other aeroplane authorities, however, who are not so sure about this. President Mingle, of the Standard Aircraft Corp., whose especially constructed mail planes are now being used by the Aerial Post, recently said: "The revenue to be derived from an aerial passenger route is all a matter of guessing, and the only way to get a clear idea of what will be the income is to get in actual operation a definite route. To prevent a waste of effort in establishing the pioneer air routes, aircraft manufacturers could work to a most excellent advantage by combining their talent, manufacturing and engineering experience. They could also operate on a practical working basis independent air lines between well-selected points throughout the United States. If they could agree between themselves not to nullify each other's efforts by overlapping service, such efforts will be successful, bearing in mind at all times that the great purpose is to develop a Civil Aerial Transport service to a high degree of efficiency and within a minimum period of time."

President Duval, of a great rubber corporation closely identified with aircraft manufacture, has still different ideas. "I do not believe that aircraft manufacturers can organize and operate air service lines. The problems of manufacture will absorb their attention and capital. Better results could be obtained from public utility companies organized for this purpose, either with or without governmental or municipal assistance. The Government has been taught a very forcible lesson from their previous neglect of the industry. We have suddenly become a peace industry almost before we were a full-fledged war industry. I believe that governmental financial aid would tend to stabilize the situation and insure the future."

Nor is American aviation thought neglecting the possibilities of express and freight transportation. John North Willys, head of the Curtiss company, and who during the war turned over his great automobile plants and organized others for the manufacture of aeroplanes, says: "I believe that, within a short time, the aeroplane will be designed and built

for carrying express parcels of the lighter weights, and development of such craft will in time make it possible to carry heavier packages, with freight as not a remote possibility. As a freight carrier, the aeroplane would be of great commercial value in the transporting of freight from places that are practically inaccessible to railroads and motor-driven land vehicles."

AMERICA LAGGING BEHIND THE WORLD

ARRANGEMENTS are now being made to handle this phase of aero transportation. Alan R. Hawley, president of the Aero Club of America, has announced that one of the largest of our express companies is ready for co-operation with aeroplane traction companies, and will probably use the major part of the carrying capacity of their planes no matter how large they may be. Extensive blue-print plans for an aerial freight terminal near New York City are now being prepared. In San Francisco they are already building a freight terminal for aircraft. The men who have these projects in charge believe that two kinds of aerial freight will be carried. They think that the first demand will come for the swift transportation of light and valuable freight like the carrying of securities and even of bullion. They also believe that the aeroplane will be invaluable in carrying perishable goods and in bringing products from tropical regions remote by hundreds of miles from established rail heads.

Those are some of the things that are planned. What has been done? In the United States no aeroplane has operated on a regular passenger, freight or express service. There have been plans, a great many plans, a great deal of talk. Sooner or later action will evolve from this. But up to date, the carrying of passengers by aircraft in America is an unaccomplished fact. Not so in Europe. Just as America, the inventor of the aeroplane, fell behind Europe in its military development, so is it now falling behind in its commercial development. Italy is far in advance of us in aerial transpor-

tation. No sooner was the armistice with Austria signed than Italy had in operation seven different routes totaling 770 miles. In the United States only two aerial transportation companies have displayed any life, and they have yet to carry a passenger on a regular service. Germany in the upheaval of a revolution has an aeroplane service carrying passengers from Berlin to Munich, 350 miles, and can find plenty of people who are willing to pay \$350 for the trip. Two British companies instead of one are now flying daily passenger planes between London and Paris. An aerial express is operating between London, Manchester and Liverpool. A third British air company recently carried six civilian passengers from London to Cairo, to Damascus, to Bagdad. And just across the border from us, in Canada, there has come into being the Prince Edward Island Aerial Transportation Co., with a capital of one-quarter of a million dollars—to supplant ferryboats in transporting passengers from the island to Montreal, a distance of 100 miles. And in the West Indies there is the Aerial Transport Syndicate already operating one plane between all the islands of the Indies.

“Machines are making regular trips between Montreal and Toronto,” says Col. Wm. A. Bishop, Canadian “Ace.” “Three firms will have aerial garages in Canada within a year. Then one may call up a garage and a plane will call for him. Eight British firms are building planes to fly across the ocean.”

It has been demonstrated to America time and again that the aeroplane is capable of the most prolonged trips with perfect safety. Only the other day, Major Albert Smith, making his return trip through the air from New York to San Diego, Cal., flew the distance in 35 hours. Recently Pilot Eric Springer drove the 215 miles from Dayton to Cleveland at a speed of 175 miles an hour. Also, the elements are not the obstacles they were. Fog and rain have not held back the aerial post. Our army fliers have made trips successfully at night, flying by the compass. Navigation of the sky has changed from a mystery into an exact science.

PLANNING THE TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT

FROM the day that Wilbur Wright first rose in a plane from the sands of Kitty Hawk men have dreamed of crossing the Atlantic through the sky.

"It is only a matter of years, perhaps months," says Giovanni Caproni, he of the blessed bombing planes, "when you will be able to climb aboard an aeroplane in New York, have the porter take your luggage to your berth, stretch out for a comfortable siesta, spend a few pleasant hours with fellow-passengers in the lounge, dine in regular Ritz fashion, and be in London the following evening in time to enjoy your supper at the Savoy."

Gianni, as the Italians love to call him, is a dark-eyed boyish chap of thirty. His statement would seem quite absurd if it did not come from *the* Caproni who built the great bombing-planes which bear his name. "Transatlantic flight is easily possible now," adds Caproni. "I expect to make such a flight very shortly." Now, were this anybody but a master builder of aeroplanes talking one would, of course, pass it by without any serious consideration. But along with this bold statement from the brilliant imaginative Italian comes one in similar vein from a very hard-headed, very conservative Englishman, Handley-Page. He and Caproni built the greatest bombing-planes that the war produced. Both built planes capable of carrying a ton of deadweight, fuel for double motors, equipped with engines, easily able to negotiate 2,000 miles. Handley-Page was asked, "When will you fly across the Atlantic?"

"Just as soon as the Air Board permits," was the reply. That was the only doubt in his mind, securing release from Government work.

"I confidently look for overseas flights within the year," says John North Willys. "I would not be surprised to learn of such a performance at any time that the weather is considered favorable. Overseas flying is principally a matter of enough fuel-carrying capacity to permit of sustained flight for long periods of time. There has already been built a

flying boat that will carry from 15 to 20 hours of fuel in addition to the regular crew and other necessities."

And Glenn Curtiss says: "I believe that we shall soon have transatlantic flights. The reason I believe that this will be true is the same reason that makes me believe that marine flying will be developed quicker than land—because there are no landing fields needed. Terminal facilities are already provided—the surface of the water itself."

Curtiss has long been a champion of the flying boat. Before the war he had developed a number of types of flying boats and seaplanes ranging in size from a two-passenger pleasure craft to a gigantic ton-capacity flying vessel. The *America*, built for Rodman Wanamaker, was one such. Before the United States entered the war, Curtiss constructed this plane to cross the Atlantic, but the sudden war preparations of America put an end to all work of the sort. But the *America* served its purpose. It was the progenitor in the designing of several Curtiss flying boats for the Navy, of which the "N. C. 1" is the latest. This craft measures, from tip to tip of its wings, 126 feet; it can carry four and a half tons live load. The feat of Lieut. McCullough in taking fifty passengers aboard this plane and carrying them in a flight along the Atlantic coast without a mishap of any kind is significant from the point of view of a transatlantic flight.

HOW OUR NAVY WILL TRY TRANS-OCEAN FLYING

NOW that the war is over and Governments are easing the restrictions on the manufacture of aircraft, preparations for the transatlantic flight are rapidly progressing. The prizes for such a flight total \$125,000. The Aero Club of America considered offering a prize of \$150,000 to the first man to fly across the Atlantic, but hesitated after they tried to insure their offer with Lloyds, the insurance concern, famous for its wild gambles. Lloyds would not bet against the flight being made no matter how high a premium was offered to underwrite the Aero Club's contemplated prize money.

This is quite significant, for Lloyds will take almost any chance.

Two governments, several manufacturers, and individuals are preparing for the transatlantic flight. Our Navy Department has just ordered Commander John H. Towers to take charge of "the development of plans and assembly of material and personnel for the proposed transatlantic flight." It is believed that the Navy will use the huge Curtiss plane "N. C. 1," or a newer product of the same design, the "N. C. 2." The British Government is actively preparing for the Atlantic flight. It has tested out three different types of aircraft for the trip. One is a dirigible balloon which is supposed to be capable of the round-trip without stop. Another is a flying boat to be manned by two pilots and two mechanics. The third is a very fast small aeroplane with lifting power enough to carry sufficient fuel to allow it to cross the Atlantic without stop. Italy is in the contest with Caproni; France with Vedrines, Germany will make an essay with Zeppelins.

Aviation experts do not regard the Atlantic flight as very difficult. The obstacles to be overcome are human weakness and the fallibility of the machine. The men in this country today who guided fast but treacherous little fighting planes between the cotton-white puffs of bursting shrapnel in France have been through experiences beside which the strain of piloting a plane across the Atlantic is trivial. Regarding the fallibility of machines, there are in America today fair standard types capable of being altered so as to carry enough fuel for the oversea voyage. They are the huge Curtiss seaplane, the Glenn L. Martin bomber, the American modified Handley-Page and the monster Caproni triplane.

The problem of fuel being solved, there is that of the weather. On the elements the aviator must take his chances. Then there is the danger of getting lost in fog or storm. The route above the seas is, of course, without landmarks, but aviators have successfully flown by night without landmarks. There is the experience gained in all the hundreds of bombing flights during the war.

As Handley-Page says: "Nine years ago Bleriot flew

from Calais to Dover, twenty miles, and the world wondered. Now we have aeroplanes that can fly at more than 90 miles an hour and can carry fuel and supplies for a continuous flight of more than 30 hours. That gives an air distance of 2,700 miles. There is no reason why long-distance aeroplanes, built in America, should not fly to Europe. The map of the world may be judged on a scale of days, not miles. Take a map of England of 100 years ago and compare it on a time basis with a map of the world of today. New York is now actually nearer London owing to the aeroplane than Edinburgh was 100 years ago."

Colonel Bishop, the Canadian, who during the war brought down 72 German planes, says: "At the end of the year I feel quite confident that scores of machines will have crossed the Atlantic."

WHAT ABOUT "FREEDOM OF THE AIR"

SO much as a matter of course does Europe take this trans-ocean and transcontinental flying to be, that a conference has been called in Paris to determine the future of international aerial navigation. The United States and the Great Powers will this spring officially study the question of how to prevent aeroplanes of different nationalities from crossing customs barriers and how to prevent postal or commercial aeroplanes from being transformed into bombing machines within a few minutes. Who owns the air? With airplanes capable of flying 2,950 miles, as a Handley-Page machine did recently, this problem of the air is worrying statesmen who, although professing devout belief in a League of Nations and universal peace, have a way of looking into the future—for war. A nation's jurisdiction of the water ends three miles from its coasts. Does a nation's jurisdiction over the air end three miles from the ground? Now that the question of the "Freedom of the Seas" is being settled, what about the question of the "Freedom of the Air"?

When peace is signed, England will, of course, permit German ships to enter its territorial waters, but would Eng-

land permit a swarm of German aircraft to fly above its harbors, its great naval bases? Would we care about allowing foreign airplanes to fly above the defenses of the Panama Canal?

The swift progress of aviation has brought these questions of the future before the minds of statesmen today. By the air route, if we are to believe the most prominent men in aviation, New York soon will be just two days from London, or three and a half days from Bagdad, which we think of as the end of the world. Constantinople and Petrograd will be only twenty hours from London. The astounding stride of aviation has brought the nations of the world closer together. Some years ago when a steamship came cleaving into New York Bay five days after leaving Europe we marveled. Let the first aircraft wing its way across the Atlantic in less than a day and we will awake thunderstruck. The aeroplane by annihilating distance has brought nations at each other's doors. This should mean getting acquainted with Europe, exchanging ideas, establishing close friendships with the different peoples of the earth.

WHAT FRANCE FACES

A Summary of the Awful Havoc Wrought by the Hun in France's Richest Region and Her Immediate Economic Needs

By CAPTAIN ANDRÉ TARDIEU

FORMER HIGH COMMISSIONER TO THE UNITED STATES

TECHNICALLY speaking, the war is over. But for France there stretches ahead a long weary way before its effects can be effaced.

When it is understood that two years of work will be needed before a single ton of coal can be extracted from our great coal mines in northern France, you have a graphic epitome of the German havoc wrought in that region. And when one adds that it will be ten years before the coal output of that section can be restored to the totals of 1913, the full disaster of German occupation will be realized. These sinister facts are not rehearsed as an illustration of money values of loss, but as a visualization of calamity. There are figures in plenty, and they are staggering, showing what the destruction amounts to in money.

Our total war expenses will reach 120,000,000,000 francs. But the great tragedy is the loss of two million and a half men—some dead, some maimed, some returned sick and incapacitated from German prisons. The fifteenth part of our people is missing at the very time we need all our material and moral forces in order to build up our life again. None of these things have I told the American people during my visit to your hospitable shores. I kept silent on these points purposely during the eighteen months that I was there. While we were fighting it was to war alone that we, all of us, you as well as we, had to devote our energy without restriction and without stint. It was not meet to mourn, nor to think on the awful aspects of France's appalling plight. But today I can tell you where we are standing. I tell you

of our will to live again. I tell you of our needs and of our wounds. And I tell you of what we intend to do and what we will do. I know I need not wait for your answer. I know it because I know you. As a spokesman of the French Government, I want to set forth what the needs of France will be tomorrow. I want to tell of what new efforts will be required for the healing of her wounds. I want to say that France is confidently relying upon her Allies to carry out this mighty work of reconstruction.

The flower of France, the younger blood and energy, is dead on the field of battle. The most precious of our resources, the youth of our land, have been taken from us. To pay off our war debt of 120,000,000,000 francs we must work with the hands and the brains that survive the war. The German occupation extended for four years over the wealthiest part of France. In area only six per cent of the Republic was under the domination of the invader, but this six per cent paid twenty-five per cent of the tax total.

A TASK FOR GIANTS

WHAT remains of this rich region of ante-bellum days? Of the cities and villages all that is left is ruin. Over 350,000 homes have been destroyed. To build them again would require 165,000 men to work constantly ten years, involving, together with building material, an outlay of 10,000,000,000 francs. To rebuild portions of them, or to rebuild within a less period of time, will necessitate an increase of workers in ratio. It is the task of giants. France faces it because France wills to live and to do it. And France will do it relying upon the mighty co-operation of her Allies.

In this devastated region the personal property loss, the loss through battle-destruction and stealing by the Germans, will foot up to 4,000,000,000 francs. This valuation excludes numberless war contributions and fines levied by the enemy. These sums also reach into the billions. As yet definite figures are lacking. There are no agricultural resources left in this formerly rich section. In horses, cattle,

hogs and goats the loss reaches 11,510,000 head. In agricultural equipment the loss totals 454,000 machines or carts. These two losses alone foot up approximately to 6,000,000,000 francs—very likely much more when the correct figures are obtainable.

The Germans very methodically destroyed all the machinery of this district—the district that was the very backbone of our production. I call attention to these figures of the year 1913, the year just preceding the commencement of the war. The wool output of this rich section reached 94 per cent of the output of the whole country; flax and spinning mill productions were 90 per cent of all France as was also iron ore; pig-iron was 83 per cent of the entire output of the Republic; steel and sugar 70 per cent; cotton 60 per cent; coal 55 per cent, electric power 45 per cent.

All is completely stopped. Of plants, mines and machinery nothing remains—nothing. And all must be rebuilt. To do it will require 2,000,000 tons of pig-iron and nearly 4,000,000 tons of steel. And this does not consider the replenishing of stocks and raw materials which must be furnished the plants during the first year that activity is resumed. It will take 25,000,000,000 francs to cover our industrial needs.

RAILROAD AND SHIPPING LOSSES

I HAVE not mentioned transportation, a vital need to factory reconstruction and raw-material carriage. The Germans ripped up our tracks, destroyed our railroad equipment and rolling stock. You may judge of the havoc when I say that during the first month of the war, in 1914, our rolling stock was reduced 50,000 cars. Four years of war has worked proportionate damage. Not a single merchant vessel has been built in our shipyards for four years. Our merchant fleet loss through submarine warfare exceeds a million tons. We must figure an outlay of 2,500,000,000 francs for rehabilitation in this connection. At the present rate of prices in France the raw material needed will cost

not less than 50,000,000,000 francs. And this is far from covering all. We must consider the loss represented by the transformation of factories devoted to war munitions, the foreign markets lost as a result of the destruction of one-fourth of our productive capital, and the almost total collapse of our trade.

France needs immediate assistance in the matter of labor. We hope the technical and other units of American troops about returning home will be able to help us meet this need. In repairing the ruins of Alsace-Lorraine and of northern and eastern France, we trust the army of the United States will aid us while our people are restoring their homes. For the necessary purchases that must be made in America we are in need of credits, in dollars, covering about fifty per cent of our total purchases for reconstruction. We need labor, credit, raw material and ships. Courage and faith will be brought to France with the assurance of this help.

The liberties of the United States and France have developed fraternally for more than a hundred years. United we prove to the world today the victory of democracy. But to complete this victory, it is necessary that France shall rise from her ruins and in the peace of a reconstructed country find full compensation for all our sacrifices. No nation has ever had a more formidable task put upon it. France will be equal to the effort. I feel confident that the United States will be our magnificently helpful comrade on the march to the goal.

PICKING AMUSEMENT FOR NINETY MILLION PEOPLE

By LEE SHUBERT

Known from Maine to California, "the Shuberts" are producers of the most varied range of theatrical entertainment, controlling more theatres and supervising the production of more plays than any other theatrical organization in the world. This interesting analysis of picking the public amusements is a contribution, from authoritative source, of unusual interest.

FREQUENTLY theatrical managers are asked to divulge the mysteries and hidden secrets of the stage, to open wide, for the benefit of an unsuspecting public, the magic bag from which we extricate the plays we know will prove successful, and to expose our methods of elimination in making our selection. The managerial mirror has been held up for all to see precisely just how it is all worked out, vividly picturing in great detail all the processes of play-producing from the time the author conceives the idea for a play to the time the curtain goes up on the first act of the first night on Broadway.

But the more we explain the more complex the whole thing becomes, the more baffling it is, and the more we realize that the theatre-going public is, in the final analysis, the best picker of its theatre entertainment. We select and produce the plays, but the public sits in judgment on what we produce, and we stand or fall on the percentage of times the public agrees with us. In other words, we put up our time and money against public opinion. If the play proves successful, we have anticipated what the public wants, but if the play fails, we have lost the amount invested in the rejected production, because once a play has failed the manager has little means of recovering upon his original investment.

If, on the other hand, we could foresee the future of a play the theatrical business would be just about as romantic as the shoestring business and about as speculative. Also there would be no failures, either artistically or financially,

and the managers would become millionaires in a season. There are, however, safeguards and watchwords that managers follow as far as the human equation enters into the theatrical business, and fortified with these proven safety-gauges the percentage of failures is reduced to a minimum.

The theatrical business is unlike any other business, be it commercial, industrial or financial, and being different there are no set standards to guide the theatrical manager such as are open to men who enter any other form of business activity. Putting it a little differently I might say that the theatre presents far more hazards to the amateur who would solve this mystery than almost any other business. In the theatre he has nothing to go on except his own judgment of the merit or demerit of a play, whereas if a man decides to make shoes or clothing or any other necessity he at least is producing a commodity, and whether he succeeds in making a highly successful article or not he still has a market for whatever he turns out.

This is not true of the theatre. We invest our money and spend our time on nothing more substantial than our judgment of a play. We may spend thousands of dollars on the production, weeks in casting and rehearsing, and in the end produce it only to discover that the public doesn't want it. Right here our market for the play is closed and our money and time have gone for naught. To the amateur, staking his all on one production, this would be a catastrophe, not only in that he lost his money but also in the effect it might have on him as a future producer.

FORTUNES AT A STROKE—BUT THE EXCEPTION

YET there are enough precedents to prove that the man who goes in for one theatrical production, either musical comedy, farce, or drama, has a chance of success and if successful the prospect of making a huge fortune in one stroke. But these are exceptional instances and are by no means an indication that the amateur has the same chance of succeeding that the seasoned and experienced manager has, for

after all experience plays a great part in the successful presentation of entertainment for the theatre.

For example, the experienced manager knows, through the various avenues of information open to him, the condition of the "market" at the moment, how many actors and actresses are available for parts as well as the work for which they are suited. He knows also the hundred and one other purely physical and technical phases of the business at every stage at a given period. He knows, too, the trend of the theatre, what plays have been successful and the ones that have not and the reasons for the successes as well as why the others failed.

Only men directly and intimately associated with the theatre, not only in New York but throughout the country, as well as the big European cities, can know these conditions, which offset to a considerable degree the uncertainty back of every production made. Surely a man who has this information charted and at his finger-tips has a better chance of presenting a play that will please the public and prove a financial success than a man who depends entirely upon his own judgment of a play from purely an artistic point of view.

Despite the fact that a play must succeed or fail on its functions to interest and entertain, there are elements that enter into the production that are wholly technical and the proper application of these may turn an ordinary play artistically into a big financial success. In this connection the manager of wide experience has a tremendous advantage over the amateur, or the man who is making one production and making it with limited capital and stage equipment.

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS—THE PROBLEM

TO interpret what the public wants, however, is, after all, the greatest problem confronting a theatrical manager. And the fact that public taste in the theatre includes every phase of the theatrical art, a manager must select and produce successful dramas, comedies, musical comedies, classics,

farces, and all the other forms of expression open to the theatre. His success depends upon his being able to think for the public, to anticipate what the great masses will be pleased with in the theatre and offering them just the right proportions in the three or four popular forms of standard entertainment.

It would not be a very wise thing for any manager to say that the public likes or dislikes some particular branch of the drama. Their taste varies. Some prefer tragedy, some farce, and some comedy. Then again, different parts of the country seem to respond more readily to a certain type of play. Keeping in touch with the preferences of the public, and catering religiously to those preferences, shows, for instance, that the public has a leaning toward plays of the lighter type; that the drama which portrays, in some measure, the thought of the day, is more apt to succeed than the play which does not.

You cannot set a definite rule by which to judge a play. A poor reading script may evolve into a wonderful success. If the play has merit, the manager will realize it within the first two weeks, or more often within a week. A drama, tragedy or mystery play must be exceptionally worthy to remain for any length of time in New York. A musical comedy usually stands the better chance of success. That is because of the psychological axiom that every normal individual will always prefer the bright, cheerful, optimistic environment to that of the sombre and dull.

Now the public is simply clamoring for plays of the light and frivolous type. A serious play has necessarily got to be exceptionally meritorious to succeed. One feature of the after-the-war effect on drama, is the insistent if infrequent appearance of the play based on sociology. With five million killed, and spiritualism and immortality in everyone's mind, it naturally follows that plays touching on these topics will appropriate a certain measure of the public's interest. Therefore, there is absolutely no way of determining exactly what type of play the public wants. There are too many changing influences, constantly playing on the mind

of the people, that prevent any definite likes or dislikes and which consequently do not allow the formulating of a logical answer. It is a matter determined by the prevailing conditions of the world, the temperament of the people and relative merit of the play.

THE AFTER-WAR REACTION AND THE PHOTO-PLAY'S PLACE

BASED on an experience covering the last twenty-five years I should say that the standard forms of theatre entertainment are drama, farce and comedy, with an occasional spectacular melodrama, and of course, grand opera. The success of a manager depends on his ability to produce these in proportion to the popular vogue of each. Added to these is musical comedy, which has now become a standard form of entertainment in this country, with very little of the speculation attendant upon the production of the other forms of theatre amusement.

It is next to impossible to compare one season with another and base productions on what has gone before. Public opinion is very difficult to define. Right now, for instance, the American public, fed up on the tragedies of the war for the last five years, wants the lighter aspects of life presented to them. I doubt that a melodrama of the old school, or any other play presenting a problem, would succeed now. This contention is borne out by the fact that 90 per cent of the current plays are of the comedy, farce and lighter dramatic variety. The plays of a serious nature that have been offered have not been of the morbid type.

On the other hand the situation may be entirely different tomorrow. However, I believe the motion-picture has killed forever the melodrama, as we have understood it, in this country. The reason for this is that the screen lends itself more to exaggeration and is so inconsistent and its transition so rapid that flying-fish and other absurdities seem realities. The limitations of the stage and the intelligence of its people prevent the grotesque, and it is a good thing for the stage that this is so. After all the stage reflects real life

and must be done with a fidelity to the characters portrayed, both in the lines the author puts in the mouths of the actors and in the effects supplied by the managers. In only this one instance does the screen encroach upon the stage and except for this they in no way conflict. They both have their fields and will never, in my opinion, interfere with each other, either as to the things they offer to the public as entertainment, or still in their appeal to the people.

WHY NEW YORK SUCCESS IS A CRITERION

IN offering a play, or rather in selecting a play for production, the manager must measure the appeal of the particular play under consideration not by what New York City might want but by what the entire country wants. For the greatest returns from a play, the real profits to the producer, begin to mount up after the piece has exhausted its run on Broadway and invades the other cities of the country. In making the comparison between New York and other cities I have reference to the so-called prosaic New Yorker, the man about town, who is supposed to have seen and done everything under the sun there is to do. It would be suicidal for a manager to offer a play with this type of New Yorker in mind.

New York is the centre of theatrical activities in this country only because it is the largest city and, therefore, has the largest number of people from which to draw. Being the largest city, and situated as it is, the population is very cosmopolitan and includes not only people from all over this country but from all over Europe as well. Therefore, I believe a representative audience from all walks of life and from all sections of the country will see a play and aid very materially in its sustained success on Broadway. This being true a successful New York piece is heralded just for what it is to all corners of the country long before it leaves this city. That is why nine out of ten New York successes will meet with the same favor on tour, and by the same line of rea-

soning that is why a bad play, or one with too much Broadway, will fail.

But on the whole I should say that the average good play, well acted, with the original New York production and cast, would have the same measure of success on the road that it had in New York. The contrary is only true of plays that are fashioned on local incidents about which the person who has never been to New York would know nothing, or on the life and habits of characters of whom the general public knows very little. A play of this type will find a certain audience in New York, have a tremendous vogue and return a handsome profit to the producer. But those are rare exceptions.

NEW YORK HAS NOT CORNER ON INTELLIGENCE

PLAYS, however, that have a universal appeal are the only truly artistically and financially successes. This sort of stage-offering will live for two or three years and play to practically all the theatre-goers of the country. For a play to do this it is not necessary that its theme be either ultra rural or convey a particular type. All plays must be modern. The people of the smallest towns are just as intelligent, know just as much of the national and international affairs, and are just as awake to the trend of the times as the people of New York or any other city. It is a mistake to think that New York has a corner on intelligence, or that the emotions are different here from what they are anywhere else.

Time and again this has been proven when a manager has revived some play that at the time of its original presentation was recognized as a piece of theatrical phenomenon only to have it fall of its own weight. I am convinced, after carefully watching the revivals for the last twenty years, that the public doesn't want to see anything in the theatre but the original production. No doubt the reason for this is, as I have explained, that the people of one community are just as familiar with things theatrical as they are of any other. Because today no class or no particular section of

the country has a monopoly on the news whether it be national, international or theatrical.

With its widespread interest, and with the functions for the dissemination of news, the people all over the country are advised of a stage-offering immediately it has been produced, either in New York or in any one of the other cities where managers exhibit new properties. Admitting that the people exact plays that are modern, and further admitting that the life of the theme of a play is two or three years, it is readily seen that revivals have a very small appeal to the general theatre-going public. Moreover conditions around the theatre are changing every day. Everything connected with the business has advanced, and what was considered modern yesterday is in reality obsolete tomorrow. This is true of the appointments of the theatre as well as of the physical part of a stage production.

In no other business in the world do the conditions change as often and abruptly as they do in the theatrical business. In no other business is the public mood such an important factor in the success or failure of a project as in the theatre. Without a very accurate knowledge of these conditions it would be next to impossible to approach the theatre with even a degree of success. In other words, to know your public is to be successful as a producing theatrical manager.

“REDS” IN NEW YORK’S SLUMS

How Insidious Doctrines Are Propagated in
New York’s “East Side”

By JOHN BRUCE MITCHELL

WHEN Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, the German Bolsheviks, were slain in the streets of Berlin, there was held a great memorial, in New York City, to do them honor. There were ready funds to pay the hire of a hall; to pay for the printing of pretentious invitations and to meet all the expenses of promoting a monster mass meeting in the Greater City. Citizens in every walk of life were asked to pay homage to the memory of Liebknecht and Luxemburg who died for the Cause. It was the Cause which aims to confiscate all wealth; the Cause of sabotage, of incendiarism, of bombs, and of “bumping off”; the Cause which would tear down every American flag and everything for which the Flag stands. It was the Cause of anarchy.

The memorial to the German renegades was held. The streets, in the vicinity of the hall, teemed with excited people; the building itself was crowded to the doors by an excited mob, which ominously cheered every utterance any speaker made against the Government of the United States. It was a mob which sang songs of revolution in the same sullen monotone of the Russian mobs when they swept the streets of Petrograd with rifle fire and hurled shopkeepers and honest workingmen into the Neva. Feverish, hysterical, reckless, these American Bolsheviks shuffled away from the Liebknecht-Luxemburg memorial, enthralled by the speakers’ words, their souls in a souring foment. It was a tribute held in the greatest city of America to the greatest force that has ever been loosed in the world to destroy all existing

forms of government, religion, family and economic life. It was a brazen tribute to Bolshevism.

But for New York, symbol of America, to have simmering and seething in its house the cauldron of revolt, is nothing new. In a furtive, trivial way it was thus for years. Only, today, the flames under the cauldron are growing fiercer month by month.

NEW YORK BOLSHEVIKI UNDERMINE RUSSIA

WHEN the Russian revolution came and Kerensky and the more moderate, more humane, leaders of the Russian people sought to guide them into an orderly form of government, there were men who emerged from the foul and dark cellars of Moscow, Kieff, Petrograd, Odessa and Helsingfors, men steeped in vodka, men who preyed upon honest men and women alike, men who had managed to learn to read and then turned the talent to the reading of books by neurotics who cursed God and any man who worked honestly for a living. And these men crept out over Russia; and from New York their kind stole over the seas to Russia. They wanted the Government that Kerensky was seeking to establish overthrown. They wanted a condition of life in Russia which would give them money without work, which would permit them to indulge all their vicious passions without fear of any law. They desired a decree that would order all women between the ages of 18 and 45 brought before a commissaire, there "to be assigned a man with whom they are to live." They wished all religions made impossible. They said, "All the misery in the world is due to the superstition that there is a God. We now propose to enlighten our children, and, with this purpose in view, we will issue a catechism on atheism for use in all the schools." And they got all these things that they wanted; for these men were the Bolsheviks. And today they are propagating their doctrines in America, belching them up from out of New York's slums.

It was not easy to overthrow the honest Russians under Kerensky. The Bolsheviks needed help. Where did they

turn to get their help? They turned to New York, to its lower East Side—where Liebknecht and Luxemburg were honored. And out of its dingy streets, there skulked Leon Trotsky, the pants presser, he who rules with Lenine in Russia today.

When the United States sought to save Russia from self-destruction and sent to Petrograd a commission composed of statesmen, experts in business, finance, food, railroads, relief work, again the Bolsheviki called for help. The call was answered in New York's East Side. Out of its cellars, meeting halls and factories they came, scores of Jews, never Americanized, who went back to Russia. There, as swiftly as the American Commission won the confidence of the Russian people, these East Side agitators undermined it. When the American Commission said to the Russian workers, "We want to help you. We will finance you, assist you in every way to make your new government a success," the agitators from New York's East Side dogged their footsteps. And to the same group of Russian workers they said, "The Americans are lying to you. They only want to grind you down into the dust like they have done with us in America. Don't believe their tales of freedom. In America the workers are slaves of the capitalists." Thus, the agitators from New York's East Side nullified the work of the United States Commission in Russia, saved the day for the Bolsheviki.

When, drunk with power, Lenine and Trotsky sought, beginning with Germany, to make Bolshevism the ruling force in every civilized country, where did they send many of their cleverest propagandists? They sent them to New York, to the lower East Side, the breeding place of revolt in the New World.

BREEDING REVOLT IN THE METROPOLIS

HAVE you seen revolt being bred in New York? Have you ever been to Forward Hall on East Broadway, the Manhattan Labor Lyceum at 66 East 4th Street, or the Rand School at 133 East 15th Street? Have you ever seen that

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cellar in East 106th Street where the Bresci anarchists meet? Do you know the place at 255 Grand Street or 195 Lenox Avenue? Have you been in the crowd at London Casino or McKinley Square Casino in the Bronx when the Bolsheviks hold sway? Do you know the meeting places at 32 Union Square, the I. W. W. "flat" at 1258 Boston Road, at 1527 Madison Avenue, 74 St. Mark's Place, 27 East 4th Street, 113 East 10th Street, along the waterfront, or over in the teeming Brownsville district? Have you ever dropped in at 7 East 15th Street of a Sunday morning when radicals representative of organizations gather? In all of these places Bolshevism is being propagated. Any night, every night, our citizens are being incited to revolution in the areas of the great Red breeder. Come with me!

Just south of Washington Square, in days gone the stronghold of New York conservatism, there is, on Fourth Street, a dingy building, the upper floors given over to Bolshevikistic organizations of garment workers; the lower floor, a hall. It is the Labor Lyceum. There one finds a room about sixty feet wide and seventy feet long; it is filled with cheap, collapsible chairs, closely packed. At one end of the room rises a stage, screened by a tawdry curtain bearing letters in Yiddish. Underfoot is sawdust muddied by the feet of the hundreds who at night congregate there. It is a stifling place, heavy with the fumes of rank pipes, soiled clothing and unwashed bodies. From the byways of the East Side there come to this place—and a score like it—men with stooping shoulders and spreading, uncombed beards, mottled with food—men ever gesticulating and talking in strange tongues. There come, too, young men more careful in their dress, some tawdrily foppish, all a little brazen and flaunting in their manner. As children not so long ago, they stepped off a steamer frightened and cowed by the sheer magnificence which is New York's; they were refugees from Old World tyranny. Today the wine of freedom has gone to their heads. . . . There come these girls, somberly dressed and garishly dressed, the women workers from the sweat shops and factories, drawn irresistibly here where they can give vent to emotions, stifled

in the confines of a tenement room. As one watches them file into the meeting, one is impressed with their seriousness. They mean business; their faces, stamped with the power of rebellious thought, seem to convey the idea that they want everybody to know that they mean business. One looks in vain for a single happy face; unsmiling, their eyes shine with a light of purpose, one feels in the presence of all that is head-strong, merciless, bitter—the presence of Tragedy.

They take their seats quietly. The hum of voices, inevitable overture to any rising curtain, fills the air. It is a confusing sound, a babel of many tongues—Hungarian, Italian, Spanish, Yiddish. One hears a great deal of Yiddish; indeed, it is the predominant note, as it is in the ranks of Russia's Bolsheviki! With a start, one sees in the audience those that do not seem a part of it. From out of the drabness of the crowd stand better dressed people; here, a minister in the garments of the church; there a noted author; over there, a beautifully gowned woman sitting beside a young man who affects the white soft shirt open at the neck.

“ A BOMB VON'T KILL ENOUGH OF THEM ”

WITH the rising of the curtain the audience moves to its feet and, to the tune of a once popular Broadway air, sings:

*All hail to the Bolsheviki!
We will fight for our Class and be free,
A Kaiser, King or Czar, no matter which you are
You're nothing of interest to me;
If you don't like the red flag of Russia,
If you don't like the spirit so true,
Then just be like the cur in the story,
And lick the hand that's robbing you.*

Into these cheap words they put all their souls and all their bodies. Their eyes shine; their forms sway. With up-turned faces they sing with the passionate enthusiasm of religious fanatics; it is electric, contagious, overwhelming. Almost with a sigh the sound dies away and they settle back

into their seats, intent upon a man whom the rising curtain has disclosed upon the platform. He is sitting behind a little wooden table. He is dressed in a greasy black suit; his hair is shaggy and long; a very thin moustache, inky black, streaks his heavy upper lip; his face, bulging and red, creases in a fishy smile. Through a pair of thick glasses peep furtive black eyes. He rises to introduce the speakers of the evening and, quite perceptibly, the audience moves forward a little in its seats. His speech comes with a Yiddish accent, ingratiating, drippy. Very carefully, after naming the first speaker, he brings his audience up to the proper pitch; shaking his fist, he yells: "Ve don't vant you to throw a bomb. A bomb von't kill enough of them! Ve vant you to sthand peehind your great leaders. Like Trotsky led the Russian beoble to freedom, so vill your leaders crush the rich und you vill have all the money vat they have sthole from you!"

Amid great applause he sits down and the first speaker of the evening, an English Bolshevik, begins his harangue. He is followed by a Spaniard and then a Russian Jew, a Trotsky agent direct from Petrograd. And their poison seeps into hundreds of souls. About 500 speakers spread the propaganda in New York City alone; about 15,000 persons are active in the movement against our government; there is no way yet of learning the magnitude of the thousands who are sympathetically *thinking* of revolt. In a recent New York raid upon the rooms of the Federation of Russian Workers in America on East 15th Street a Soviet composed of twenty-three radical organizations scattered throughout the Greater City and the names of six thousand Bolsheviks were revealed.

The speeches one hears at these meetings invariably take the theme of protest. A meeting was called and advertised in the socialist press in New York, the foreign language newspapers of New York, and by hand-bills and word of mouth as "a protest relative to the illegal detention of fifty-four of our comrades, International Workers of the World, on Ellis Island." The meeting of the week before was a protest against the employment of the American Expeditionary Force in Russia. The week after it was a protest against

the arrest of the fourteen Spanish anarchists who conspired to assassinate President Wilson. At every meeting, whenever possible, the agitators stage it around some current event which has *protest* possibilities. Any topic of current interest which they can twist or turn to that end they at once seize upon as an attraction to gather their audiences together.

WHO AMERICA'S BOLSHEVIKI ARE

THE interests of the people who stage these Bolshevistic meetings are varied. There are the professional agitators - Tresca, Larkin, Blossom, Dalton, Kirkpatrick and Kelly. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn of the "Wobblies," as the I. W. W. like to call themselves, is extremely popular. These agitators study. They read books all day. They steep themselves with false theories of government and economics. They have all the harebrained philosophy of the world at their fingertips. They are clever speakers; they use good English and always offer a wealth of statistics, manufactured for the occasion. They are "in it for what they can get out of it." Like Emma Goldman, many of them appear before their duped audiences shabbily dressed; but elsewhere they are to be seen wearing expensive clothes. Anarchy often pays the agitator.

There is another class of orator. This is the poor, honest, completely sincere man whose mentality has been poisoned by listening to the terrible power of the organized lie. He makes no money out of his talk. He lives from hand to mouth. At the meetings he gets up and talks, and to talk is his joy. With atrocious grammar, he offers absurd arguments, and drinks deep of the applause which he receives. Then there are the young Jew lawyers of the East Side who practice oratory by ranting at the meetings.

The people who listen to these Bolshevistic speakers do so from different motives. Eighty per cent of them are Russian Jews, not good Jews, but "apostates," frowned upon by the bulk of our fine citizens of Jewish blood; the remainder are Italians and Americans. In Russia the Jews did not

dare to lift their heads; they dare here. Also, they are clan-nish; they congregate together. In the beginning they go to these meetings because they have no other place to go. In the halls it is warm and generally does not cost anything. There they meet friends or they make friends. They sit for hours listening often to languages which they cannot understand; but the spirit of revolt they come to understand and to feel. Now and then a point the speaker makes is translated for them. Then a Yiddish speaker begins and their interest is stirred; him, they understand. They never heard anything like that in Russia. No one ever dared to say such things against "the government." To them a government means tyranny. Into their life a thrill has come; they have heard "the government" boldly defied.

Back they go, the next day, to the shop where they sew garments for a living. They tell a friend what a fine time they had at the meeting. The next night, the friend goes; then he tells a friend. So it is with the older man who attends New York's Bolshevistic meetings. He does not make much money. He cannot often afford paid amusements, so he takes the next best thing, a change of scene. He gets this at the Bolsheviki meetings. There is a saying of the East Side, "a kike travels on what he hears." Every thought the average Yiddish worker of the East Side hears at the Bolsheviki meetings he repeats. Bolshevistic propaganda becomes his source of material for conversation. Not only that, but they induce friends to work in the shop, underselling labor until the shop is all Bolsheviki, freezing out good, loyal workers. Once in control, they then organize a Bolshevik union affiliated with the I. W. W. and demand exorbitant pay of the owner. He pays or faces sabotage. In the garment trades of New York these Bolsheviki organizations have a tremendous hold.

The younger generation which frequents the meetings have had some schooling in America. They are very often inclined, with a little education, to become the type which is called "fresh." They see that their father cannot read; they can. They obtain Bolsheviki propaganda literature and

avidly absorb what they read. Then they go abroad and air what they have read, to show how much they know. They are ever talking about their "rights." During the working day they cannot talk about "rights," particularly if there is an Irish foreman around. But at these Bolsheviki meetings, there they can talk. They are quick to jump on their feet and contradict a speaker. They expand with ego.

PLAYING WITH FIRE

THERE is another group which attends these meetings. Its men let their hair grow long, and its women cut their hair short. It comes from that part of New York City which is known as Greenwich Village where everybody protests against the conventional and says at least once a day, "Isn't life wonderful?" It is the great army of failures, writers, artists, sculptors who cannot succeed. They are to be found at these Bolsheviki meetings because they are "so unconventional." Among the Greenwich Village delegation, however, there are some real Bolsheviks, men and women, like John Reed and Louise Bryant, who have been to Russia, who worked there with Trotsky in the preparation of Bolsheviki propaganda. Through these Greenwich Village radicals, persons of quite higher strata of life are drawn down into Bolshevism. Wealthy men and wealthy women of New York are frequent visitors at the Bolsheviki meetings. They are those who have no active business interests, who are more or less bored with life and to whom all this unrest and revolt appears as something new and picturesque. Then there is always to be found the human being with a grouch on the world—the dissatisfied man. He cannot lucidly tell you why, but a grievance he has. He feels it, "Down with everything!" Of such timber are the audiences which listen to the Bolsheviki propaganda.

At all these meetings for spreading the propaganda of discontent, I. W. W.'s, socialists and anarchists are in attendance. Before the war the different radical organizations

were wide apart. The socialists would have nothing to do with the I. W. W.'s and the anarchists had declared war on them both. The war brought them together; they met on a common ground—the doctrine of the elimination of nations and of capital and of militarism; the dawn of internationalism, no nationalities, the world just one big family, etc., etc. An understanding came about between the leaders of the different radical groups in America; they leagued to fight the war. Those of the socialists, the "lefts," willing to compromise, men like Walling, Russell, Spargo, rallied to the support of the United States Government. The more radical socialists joined forces with the anarchists and the I. W. W. That is the line-up today.

Their propaganda is published in all languages. The *Novy Mir* and *Bread and Freedom*, *Workman and Peasant* and *Freedom* are extremely pernicious, brazenly Bolsheviki.

The socialist press, some papers of which have a circulation of 200,000 copies, is today printing Bolsheviki propaganda. At a recent meeting of one of the socialist political organizations in New York, Kirkpatrick, one of the wildest rabble-rousers of the Bolsheviki, was scheduled to speak. These agitators go from one socialistic meeting to another, appearing under assumed names and changing their names every night. Thus, socialist meetings are turned into Bolshevik meetings without it being known from the list of speakers.

Their printed propaganda is a secret struggle against the authorities. The Post Office Department has authority to deny this propaganda the use of the mails; likewise, under the Espionage Act, those who write and publish it can be brought into court. So it is printed under cover, by "The Underground Press." There are little hand presses in basements and cellars of the East Side. There the Bolsheviki agitators set up in type their inflammatory articles. By night these are taken away and distributed in the small hours.

SECRET PROPAGANDA

AT first they used to post their agents outside factories at the hour when men went to work; on street corners during the noon hour and then again when the day's work was done. The agents handed out the propaganda pamphlets and news sheets to the workers. This method was broken up by the arrests of the police. The propaganda is now put out by leaving it at night in the vestibules of houses, where live people whom the agitators believe will be susceptible to its influence. Still another device is now being used. The First, Second and Third elevated railway lines of New York City run through districts where live many people who may be turned into Bolshevik converts. At night the agents sneak their bundles of news sheets away from the "Underground Press" and between the hours of two and four in the morning ride up and down in the "L" trains, throwing the propaganda out of the car windows to the streets below. During the noon hours, every now and then, some Bolshevik enthusiast hurls from a factory or workshop window a package of leaflets which he has brought in under his coat in the morning. Also, the propaganda literature is passed around at informal meetings held in their homes or is passed from one worker to another in the shop.

It raises its head in various guises in the pages of some of our best known "liberal publications," this being due to the influence of wealthy dilettanti who are playing with fire, amusing themselves with Bolshevism, seeking a new sensation. It appears in the pulpits of some of our churches, between the lines, by ministers given to sensational sermons. One such minister, extremely well known in New York, boldly preached the doctrines of Bolshevism from the pulpit until he was forced to retire. Another clergyman opened the doors of his church to the I. W. W.

Where does the money come from to finance these activities of the Bolsheviks in New York? There was a rumor current that Lenine and Trotsky diverted part of a vast sum of money which they confiscated from the nobility in Russia

and sent it to the United States by way of South America for Bolsheviki propaganda. This is said to be without foundation. However, in a recent letter written by Trotsky to anarchists in Geneva, he urges his friends to co-operate with a Mme. Barbanoff, whom he explains is in Switzerland with several million dollars to carry on Bolshevik propaganda in France, Italy, England and the United States. It is reported that the Lenine-Trotsky régime has appropriated \$8,000,000 monthly for propaganda.

Russia has sent us Bolsheviki agitators. These men went to the Argentine and then shipped as members of the crew on steamers bound for New York. In New York, while on shore leave, they of course deserted, thus being able to enter our country without passports. In the East Side they were hidden away. A number of Bolsheviki agitators of New York got into the United States this way and worked upon the Russian Jews of New York.

The agitators have money. It comes from several sources. There are the dues of the socialists, of the I. W. W. and of the various garment-workers' organizations which are not affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. At many of the meetings, admissions of ten cents are often charged. When some favorite of the crowds speaks, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn or Kirkpatrick, it is possible to pass the hat and take up a collection. Considerable money, however, comes from the wealthy people who are toying with Bolshevism. Time and again picturesque figures, like Larkin, Blossom and Miss Flynn, have been invited by wealthy women to speak at their afternoon receptions. In certain circles of society it is regarded as "quite the smart thing" to entertain the guests with talk by a "radical" agitator. That is "easy pickings" for a woman like Flynn. She talks of the "oppressed" and paints a picture of horrible conditions. Then one of her hearers says, "My dear, to think that these things are true! We simply *must* do something." And the rich women get out their check-books and write off good substantial amounts—for the Cause. Then there are the direct money contributions made by wealthy men to the

Cause. Of course it is obvious that these are men who are not in business, who are not confronted with the sabotage, walkouts and "bumping off" that a fostering of the tactics of the Bolsheviki brings about.

THE DANGER SWIFTLY ACCELERATING

THERE are Bolsheviki readers, there is a little cigar factory on the East Side where the workmen sit and roll the day long the leaves of tobacco. They are seven; six cannot read or write; the seventh can. While they work, he sits and reads to them by the hour out of Bolshevistic newspapers and pamphlets. They drink in every word he utters, and brood. They are without the intelligence which would enable them to detect falsity in the things he reads to them. So, day by day, they become more bitter.

There is a little basement printing shop on the lower East Side where a man prints up little pamphlets on Bolshevism. He buys the socialistic newspapers, cuts clippings from them, arranges them in the form of a little book, sets them up by hand and sells them at the meetings for ten cents a copy. That is how some of the Bolsheviki live.

Those who have long studied these conditions say that the danger is swiftly accelerating. The Bolsheviki ever seek to undermine the religion of people and, once that happens, there is nothing at which people will stop. Preaching as they do, that all religions are a sham, they have made inroads into the faith of numbers of the younger generation of a very devout people, the Jews. The good respectable, law-abiding Jews who are overwhelmingly in the majority in New York have no sympathy with this new type which they call "apostate Jews." But "apostates" there are. All the radical socialists, I. W. W.'s and Bolsheviks unite in attacking the Church.

Those things are happening in New York today, down in its lower East Side, down in the dingy sections of the city which the Other Half never sees, never dreams exists. Down there are Russians smuggled in to America, their hands still

red with the atrocities of the Bolsheviki. There one finds the "Wobblies" who have hurled union workmen under the wheels of freight trains; there are the worst criminal types from southern Italy and Spain. They hide in the cellars in the daylight, preparing their infuriated speeches, planning sedition, ever scheming to destroy business. And at night they come out. They are clever. Our laws are not adequate to deal with them. They ever watch the line, a step across which would allow the police to pick them up; and by innuendo they rouse the ignorant to fury. And they are making converts day by day.

BOLSHEVISM IN FRANCE

The Mad Movement That Infects French Socialism

By SAMUEL GOMPERS

[PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR]

THE political party which claims to represent French labor has indorsed Bolshevism. Strong influences are at work within the Confédération Générale du Travail working in the same direction. The French anti-war fanatics and pro-Bolshevists practically obtained control of the French Socialist party at the end of last July. At that time and up until the very day of the German defeat the slogan was "Peace Without Victory" and a compromise with German Kaiserism and Militarism. At the National Congress of the party in October their control was reaffirmed and the official party or organ passed from the hands of the so-called pro-war politician, Renaudel, into the hands of the anti-war politician, Longuet, the grandson of Karl Marx.

In spite of all that the French Socialist party could do to prevent it, the war was continued until the German defeat which brought with it the German revolution. Did the Socialists then confess their tremendous blunder or wrong? Not in the least. On the contrary, they claimed that Germany was not defeated by the valiant and heroic armies of the world's democracies, but by an impending German revolution due to the Soviet agitation in that country. They took the armistice as a sign of the failure of democratic internationalism and the victory of Soviet internationalism!

The armistice had not been signed three days when the executive committee of the French Socialist party met and passed the following amazing resolutions:

The French Socialist party welcomes the German Republic and the taking over of the power in Prussia and the Confederate States by the working class.

As in the Russia of the Soviets, Socialism has appeared in all

Central Europe as the proper liquidator of the political and social situation left by the war.

The party thus sees justified the confidence which it has always had in the action of peoples.

Considering that certain of the conditions of the armistice leave the sharply defined fear that the Allied Governments have the intention of further extending the criminal military intervention against revolutionary Russia, the party declares that it will appeal to all the forces of the French proletariat to prevent the Socialism which is being born in Russia, as well as in Germany and Austria, from being crushed by coalitions of foreign capitalisms.

The party urges the French working people most rigorously to rally to the support of their unions and Socialist groups, to sustain their class journals, and to keep themselves ready to make Socialism triumph in France as it has in the other countries of Europe.

SOCIALISTS BETRAYING FRANCE

THIS resolution, which betrays not only France but also the democratic League of Nations now in process of formation at Versailles, is as remarkable for what it says as what it omits to say. The only revolution it recognizes in Russia is the counter-revolution by which the Bolsheviks overthrew the democratic government of Kerensky and by force of arms dissolved the Constitutional Assembly. It is assumed that the new government of Germany will be of a similar character and it is demanded that the Socialist minority, representing less than 25 per cent of the French people, should bring about a Soviet revolution in France!

All the achievements of the democratic revolutions of the past in France, America and England are ignored or perverted. It is held that there is precisely the same need for revolutions in those countries as there was in Russia and in Germany when the Czar and Kaiser were thrown out! There never was such a thing as a Declaration of Independence, or a French declaration of the rights of man. The universal suffrage of France, England and the United States is ignored as if it had never existed. The growing power of Labor in America, as well as in France and England, is implicitly denied. The assumption is that Labor and the masses generally are in the same position in the world's great democracies today as they were under the Kaiser and the Czar.

If this is not treason to democracy and treason to internationalism, then we would better take the word "treason" out of the dictionary.

Since the Peace Conference is being held in France, the French situation has a new importance and deserves close attention. While the Longuet faction controls the party there is a strong opposition and the party is split down the middle, but unfortunately politicians are almost as common in the so-called pro-war opposition as they are in the controlling pacifist element. It is especially unfortunate that even the most able and honorable Socialist leader, Albert Thomas, formerly Minister of Munitions, signed the Renaudel resolution. Cachin, formerly a strong pro-war man, has now become the editor of *L'Humanité*, under the thumb of Longuet. Other leaders of the pro-war faction like Sembat, formerly a member of the war cabinet, are still less reliable. Even the group of forty, composed of Socialist members of the Chamber of Deputies who opposed the war under the leadership of Varenne and Compère-Morel, are apparently tied hard and fast to the principle of "party unity."

It is under this banner of party unity that the politicians have flourished. The party is obviously divided not into two, but into many groups of politicians, who change their position from day to day. But it is always possible to justify any position whatever under the pretext of party unity—"my party, right or wrong," and party unity implies absolutely blind and unthinking support of the Socialist International.

THE LAST HOPE OF HONEST LABOR

THUS, loyalty to this "International" replaces loyalty to Labor. The Socialist International, as we see in Longuet's resolution, is now in control of the Russian and German governments, and the French Socialists accept the leadership of these enemies of the common cause of freedom, justice and democracy.

The last hope of the French working class is with the Confédération Générale du Travail. Jouhaux, the Secretary

of the Confederation, who partly followed Longuet against the American Federation of Labor at the Inter-Allied Conference of London, in September, now shows some signs of suffering from an overdose of this Bolshevism. He has recently issued a scathing denunciation of revolutionary phrases, appealing for a positive program of reconstruction.

Further evidence of a return of wholesome common sense and of a sound labor instinct is given by a proclamation issued jointly by the *Confédération Générale du Travail* and the Socialist party during the armistice negotiations. This proclamation originated with the pro-war wing of the Socialist party and the *Confédération Générale du Travail*. It was adopted by the whole party, however, and then by another important political organization called the *Union Républicaine*.

Here is the importance of this resolution. It developed for the first time in several months a co-operation between labor organizations and other honest and radical democratic elements. But an even greater significance arises from the fact that merely because the *Union Républicaine*—a non-Socialist organization—signed the manifesto, the Socialist party met and the pacifist wing obliged it to pass a resolution attempting to withdraw the proclamation. However, the *Confédération Générale du Travail* refused to join in the withdrawal and the manifesto was posted all throughout France. This proclamation has a high value as showing the attitude of the *Confédération Générale du Travail* on peace terms. We therefore reduce some of its important statements:

The organizations which represent the most active forces of labor and democracy declare their entire agreement with the fundamentals formulated two years ago and the acts accomplished . . . by President Wilson. To employ the expression of the *Confédération Générale du Travail* we declare that he has formulated the guarantees necessary to bring the allied countries "the certainty that the injuries which have been done shall be repaired, that the peoples at

present subject to the law of force shall be liberated, that the possibilities of a fresh war shall be definitely eliminated."

This conception common to our democracy which has arisen from the French Revolution and to President Wilson excludes all ideas of conquest and annexation, as it rejects any peace by the abandonment of justice.

FRENCH BOLSHEVIKS WILL REVOLT

THE pro-Bolshevik element in control of the Socialist party wished to withdraw this proclamation. They have never dared to make open attack on President Wilson or to repudiate him in any important feature. They profess, hypocritically, to follow him. But at the same time they conduct a ceaseless agitation in favor of the Russian Soviets and of a Soviet revolution in France. They are fully aware that Mr. Wilson has personally vouched for the documents showing the secret alliance between the Bolsheviks of Russia and the Kaiser, and they know that he has successfully appealed to all civilized governments to repudiate the same Soviets. But they still profess to follow the leadership of President Wilson.

Longuet's daily organ, *Le Populaire*, contains almost daily columns of defence of the Soviets and of all of their deeds and policies. Of course, about once a month Longuet writes a pro-Bolshevik article in which he is careful to state that he does not indorse absolutely everything the Soviets do, but he is well aware that his paper daily gives the opposite impression, namely, of an indorsement which is not only unqualified but fanatically enthusiastic.

It is evident that these French Bolsheviks are in earnest as to their supposed insurrection. Nobody can doubt that they will take the first favorable opportunity—if opportunity occurs—to attempt it. They will hardly act while President Wilson is still in Europe, but there is every indication that they will attempt something immediately after his departure.

At the beginning of the war the French Federation of Labor not only supported this war for democracy by an overwhelming majority but agreed to an International Labor Con-

gress Conference at the end of the war, from which all politicians, whether Socialist or non-Socialist, shall be excluded. The French Socialist party has never secured any indorsement of the French Federation of Labor as having the sole and exclusive right to represent the working people politically. If the French Federation is true to its own highly creditable past of the last quarter century, and especially to its splendid record during the first three years of the war, it will yet be able to foil this mad movement which can only result in putting back French labor for many years and possibly in wrecking the League of Nations, which President Wilson is so desperately striving to bring into being.

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By RUTH MASON RICE

IT has the power to purge,
And to set free;
It's not an inhibition, but an urge;
A thing to feel, and be;

Not creed, but Life; not caste, or cult, but spirit;
A solving something,—to pass on, and to inherit.

WILL OUR PROSPERITY CONTINUE?

Debits and Credits of Our Economic Life

By IRVING T. BUSH

THE continued prosperity of the United States depends upon certain fundamentals:

The condition of our national wealth and credit.

The demand from other countries for articles which we produce.

The prosperity and consequent buying-power of labor.

The scale of the wages which we pay, compared with the scale of the nations that are competitors.

The value of our great stable crops.

Now any anxious thought, "What will be business conditions now that the war is over?" must, to arrive at an intelligent estimate, consider those fundamentals of our prosperity.

The condition of our national wealth and credit is robust. When war came in 1914 there existed against us, in Europe, current balances to the extent of half a billion dollars. Millions of dollars in American securities were owned abroad. Swiftly, the half million dollars against us was offset by the munitions that the Allies bought from us; we absorbed the flood of American securities from Europe that inundated us; we absorbed war-loans of the Allied nations; a river of gold flowed over to us until one day we awoke to find that we had the greatest stock of gold that ever before existed in the world. Came the war to us and we floated the four Liberty Loans—bond-issues owned by the people of America and part of which must be repaid by the Allies to whom we advanced war funds. And the war has taught our people thrift. Compared to our financial condition in 1914, the situation is today an improvement almost beyond belief.

This does not mean however that we will not have great financial burdens to bear before we shall have brought back the last soldier from Europe, cleared up all the obligations that we have for war material and begun the process of liquidating our government debt. But out of the wreckage of war many permanent assets are emerging. There is our new shipbuilding industry, the plants and the labor now skilled in that work. There is coming our great new merchant marine, ready for international freight traffic at a time of great need, when vessel property will be immensely valuable. This merchant marine represents an investment of several billion dollars. Some of the yards are owned by the government; others were built on funds loaned by the government. These yards and the ships owned by the Emergency Fleet Corporation may safely be deducted from the national war debt. And their value is great.

We may expect more salvage from the huge terminal facilities created by the government at some of our Atlantic ports; from great sums of money invested by the government in manufacturing plants in many parts of the country; from the construction of harbor terminals and railroads in France. All these things belong on the credit side of our books.

Our great crops will sell at high prices for at least two or three years. Mr. Hoover says we have to keep the world from famine. Our cotton will be needed in greater volume than we can produce it. While Europe is in the throes of her Reconstruction period, while she is refitting dismantled factories and rebuilding, there will be a demand for many articles manufactured in America. But as Europe finds herself, and her wheels again begin to hum, we shall have to face the export competition of the world once more on a normal basis. Which is bringing us to labor.

ONE OUTLOOK THAT IS NOT ROSY

WAGES must recede from the high level caused by war conditions. It is not likely, however, that wages will ever go back to the pre-war level. In the problem of adjust-

ing wages and living conditions, things are not as easy to dispose of cheerfully on the credit side of our national ledger as was our financial condition and the demand for American staples, raw materials, even manufactured articles that will exist in the world for the next few years. No, now we come to the point where we must enter some items on the debit side.

For a time we can continue under the artificial stimulus of war in our industries. The immediate demands to replenish the stocks of articles manufactured in America and the European market in the early periods of Reconstruction over there will be sufficient to keep our industries, although radically readjusted, operating under high pressure. This will be the last artificial stimulus that we shall receive, however, for the time will come when Europe will again be at work manufacturing the articles for her own wants, and when the restocking of our own shelves shall have been completed. When natural economic laws have thus re-established themselves, then look out!

When that day comes, two courses are open to us. If we maintain wages we must drop back within the frontiers of our own country and be content to supply our own needs, letting the markets of the world go to other nations. Or we must bring our wages to a basis where we can compete with foreign producers. When Europe gets going that will be an impossibility. With the wages that we are paying today, Europe could easily undersell us.

I recognize that labor has shed its blood in Europe and borne a full share of our burdens. I am one of those who believe that labor is entitled to more than it received during the pre-war days. But I recognize, too, that during the war labor has enjoyed unprecedented prosperity, even when current wages are measured against current living costs. But I admit with regret the inexorable economic law which will force us either to compete with European labor or cease selling our merchandise abroad. This does not apply to farm labor or to the specialties which we make by machinery and for which the world pays tribute to our industrial and in-

ventive genius. But it does apply to any product that requires the labor of the hand.

THE MENACE TO OUR NEW TRADE

BEFORE the war we could not compete with Europe on articles that necessitated hand labor, because of our higher wage-scale; but we could and did compete on machine-made articles. Our trade was therefore restricted. It will again be restricted unless our wage-scale is radically re-adjusted. Consider our great new mercantile marine, a number of ships vast enough to transport far more than we ever exported before. Where are the cargoes coming from, if, because of labor conditions, we shall be unable to compete on a big scale with Europe after the Reconstruction period over there is at an end and the artificial stimulus of its demands vanishes?

Consider, too, that during the war the neutral countries and South and Central America called upon us to export articles to them which we had never exported in peace time. The volume of these exports, although small compared with the supplies we sent to the Allies, yet form a great total. The loss of these markets would be a serious matter to the industries which have been supplying them. And lose them we will, when Europe gets going, unless our wage-scale is re-adjusted.

It is probable that the wage-scale in this country has also advanced more than in the countries of Europe. This is because they began the control of prices three years earlier than we. It is claimed that the cost of manufacturing articles in England had increased only 25 to 30 per cent, while in America the cost of making the same articles jumped 100 per cent. Not a rosy outlook for foreign trade after Reconstruction is finished, if we leave our wage-scale where it is!

It seems unlikely that it will be possible to readjust our living cost and our wage-scale from its high level to compete with the production of Europe until a number of years shall have passed. This will be due to the maintenance of high wages under the artificial stimulus of the demands of Eu-

rope during Reconstruction and the refilling of our own shelves. What seems to be a blessing in disguise will thus turn out to be a dangerous thing. For during this period the armies of Europe will be disbanded and its crippled industries will be getting under way. Then, while fatuously going on with our high-wage scale, we shall awake one morning to discover Europe in the field again with cheap labor costs. Frantically we will try a readjustment. There will be a struggle with labor, for labor will not willingly take a reduced wage-scale. And during the period of the struggle we shall probably lose the new markets that we have gained and the maintenance of which are quite as important to labor as they are to the owners of industry. The most unfortunate part of this situation is the fact that it seems inevitable. And both labor and industry will lose.

IS THERE A REMEDY?

THERE must be some basis upon which labor and industry can meet and recognize the workings of inexorable economic laws. Profit-sharing has been suggested. This basis could be very easily determined were it not for the fluctuation of the wage-scale. It is quite simple to deduct from the income the other operating expenses, and there are recognized practices to govern the deductions for depreciation and other general overhead items. Also, it would be recognized by many employers that a return of six per cent upon invested capital is a fair compensation. This, with the proviso that capital received a fair division with labor in profits exceeding that amount. Obviously, the amount of profit to be divided will depend almost entirely upon the deductions due to wages and salaries. The six per cent paid to capital is a constant. But wages and salaries are fluctuating, even in different parts of the same industry. That is the obstacle to profit-sharing.

But a solution there must be. It will come through the grinding process of years of struggle and discord. Or it will come through a meeting of the minds of labor and industry around a common council table. The war has wrought many

miracles. It has brought to the older and more conservative nations of Europe a recognition of the advantages of modern machinery in many forms of manufacturing from which, through prejudice, they were formerly barred; and it has reconciled the labor of Europe to their use. The war has advanced the cause of rights of women and introduced them into the field of labor on a large scale. Things which the world accepted as unalterable have been swept away like sand. Cannot the leaders of labor and industry get together and at least study the problems, a solution for which must be found to their common interests?

It is better to deal with union labor than with disorganized labor. Industry can adjust itself to almost anything but uncertainty. Disorganized labor represents uncertainty. Unionized labor may not represent certainty, but it represents a much greater degree of certainty than disorganized labor. To say that union leaders are always fair and always live up to their obligations and word is as foolish as to say that leaders of industry always do the same thing. I have found that labor is exactly like other classes of human nature. It responds to fair treatment and resents ill treatment. The honest elements of labor respect their obligations and live up to their word. The dishonest elements do not. If the average employer would forget he is dealing with labor and treat labor exactly as he would treat a business associate in any other transaction, he would be met, on the average, just as fairly. If the leaders of industry will recognize that they often lose just as much through respectable business men going back on their word as they do to labor doing the same thing; if they will admit the right of labor to have unions and take common counsel with its leaders on the problems that confront our national prosperity today in the mood of "live and let live," it will be a big step toward a solution.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF TODAY

IT seems that today is a particularly fortunate opportunity to attempt a solution of the problem and establish some real basis for profit-sharing between labor and industry which

will permit of a varying of production cost in order to meet international trade conditions. The mood of the day is right. Labor has just passed through a period of rare prosperity and there is not present the bitterness which sometimes comes from hard times. Industry has learned many lessons during the war.

The head of the American Federation of Labor, Samuel Gompers, has a restrained judgment, mellowed by years of experience. While keenly insistent upon the rights of labor, he will be much more ready to recognize the common interests of labor and industry than a younger and perhaps more hot-headed exponent of the rights of labor who may succeed him when his life's work is done. And that is something to conjure with. It would be a crowning achievement to a long life devoted to the interests of labor if at the close of the world's great struggle of Democracy against Autocracy Samuel Gompers could sit at a council table with those who have often bitterly opposed him and work out a practical basis of peace for the industrial battle of generations—a conflict far transcending in importance, suffering and productive loss the world-conflict that has just closed.

A MARY GARDEN MOOD

Some Adventures of My Destiny

By MARY GARDEN

“I AM in the mood to bloom!” as a celebrated poet once expressed his writing mood. I shall let it lead me where it will. It is now that indefinite hour when one is between heaven and earth, and breakfast. One looks into the sunlit mirror and then suddenly discovers a chic portrait of oneself in the gleaming tints of evening and décolleté, and the average woman of perception—sighs. I don’t, because the fact that I was born a woman, is unimportant. The glorious truth of the hour is, that I am in a world of interesting impulses. I am a woman, and I accept the responsibility and the glittering opportunities. Other good-looking women have done the same thing, exerting their energies in spite of restraining criticism echoing from the cave-dwellers of an old-fashioned period. An energetic woman is not a household word; she has too much vitality to become the homespun treasure of a quiet life. There’s enough manhood in vigorous, vital women to win a place for themselves. Perhaps it would be more feminine to accept a handicap in the race, but some women have speed enough to reach a desirable goal—without favors. Of course, we owe something to inheritance.

I have a wonderful mother. She was married when she was seventeen and my father twenty-one, and they neither of them appear to feel much older today. I was born in Scotland. There is something about the Scotch mist that forever veils the heart in its soft gray folds, shielding it from the compromising errors of susceptibility. The deepest susceptibility in mine has been a great love for the silent force of the hills, the far distances, the indescribable simplicity of open country. I’ve never had enough of it in my long life, but it is to be my reward, some day, for industry and opera. This sounds like a soliloquy, without the Shakespearean flavor, however. It

has been forced upon me, in a way. A man has been asking me questions, in the hope that the Mary Garden reputation may be sustained. He hoped that Mary Garden the exotic, the sensational, the operatic curiosity, would say something startling. His banal purpose was quite obvious.

Nothing is so difficult or so thankless as to explain oneself to the public, yet curiosity is the most industrious banality in human nature. People are equally curious about beauty in the theatre as they are about the plague, or politics, or new potatoes. I like discrimination. Everyone should have an ethical point of view. Culture is essential, if one is to be distinguished from the dramatic talent of a snake-charmer. Of course, people will always believe that the snake-charmer really hypnotizes the snake with her eyes and her figure, just as they believe that the tragic woman in the play really suffers. What this sort of universal curiosity neglects is an instinct of respect for the very important values behind the conscious human being. You can talk to them in riddles and they will believe that you are quoting scriptures. You talk to them truthfully and they don't believe you; you tell them something of the agonies of artistic crucifixion that precede the artists' resurrection and they think you have given them a riddle. You tell them that you have had a conversation with the Sphinx to obtain private information as to what sort of a woman Cleopatra really was, and they think you are truthful.

THE EXOTIC PRIMA DONNA TALKS

IT doesn't sound at all like the exotic prima donna talking, does it? One misses the undertones of mystery, the suggestion of the dangerous-woman type. I hope so. There has been too much of the fictitious fact.

Mary Garden, or Mary Smith, in a confidential vain mood should be equally interesting. At any rate, the mood is compelling; it may serve to interpret the Mary Garden the public does not know.

If I had been a man, I might have been a hunter. I should have been a traveler in remote places, a jungle enthu-

siast, incidentally a student of prehistoric drama that lies hidden in the untrodden bypaths of the world. I am sure I should have discovered new places, new beings, new life. The pursuit of life in its dramatic course of years is the only real adventure. There is a thrill in reaching for the unknown dramas of the world, for the proof of untold conflict and glory of men and women who have lived a thousand years before. In a way, that is why I became a prima donna. Music performs this miracle in the imagination, it restores the emotions of the ages.

As a child, music fascinated me, and being a child of adventure I made up my mind when I was eight years old to study the violin. I adore its flexible emotions, its sincerity without abandon, its voice that sings all moods with such invariable certainty of impulse. After a few lessons I saw that the violinist must be impassive for a long time, that before the voice of the instrument could be made to meet the mood there were very long, tiresome years of inarticulate devotion to scales and exercises. I asked my teacher how long it would be before I should be able to play. He told me that in about an eon, twenty or thirty years, I should be a brilliant amateur. I still adore my first love, but we parted long ago, though I listen to the inspiration of his voice with the tenderest memory of all that it awakened in me. It may be that the heart strings of music are in the violin, the rest are the emotions, that its small body has not the strength to create alone. The 'cello, the basses, the wind instruments, the flute, even the harp, are all inspired by the impulses of the violin.

MUSIC THE BREATH OF HER LIFE

CLEARLY, my adventures in life were to be in music, my sympathies began when I was a child, and they have never lost their vivid impulses, they have never failed me. As the violin fastened its sentiment upon my destiny, there was no other form of creative life left in me but music. Music permeated my imagination, pursued such ardent wooing of my emotional character, that my artistic impulses refused to function without it.

Music is the poetry and passion of all moods, of all ages, of all important things in life; without it people would go back to the stone age. The greatest art next to music is painting; they are allies, they work in the same studio, they experience the same emotions, in different expression, but they exchange the secrets of nature.

After a period of adventure with the piano, during which time I explored further into the unknown adventures of my music, I became a singer. Not suddenly, not within a day or two, but after much teaching, and much tolerance. You see my route to fame has been very eccentric, because I had no idea that I was to become a prima donna. If I had been a man, I might have studied law, and ended up by being a Bishop, or I might have failed in college and become a Prime Minister. Who knows anything about the direction one may take, en route? Women are not less irresponsible than men, or more disappointing; they obey the impulse that is given them among the pre-natal treasures they inherit. Our adventures are largely a difference in the cut of our clothes, in the length of our socks, and our preferences in perfumes. We are pictorial deceptions only when we fail to be inspired.

I was fifteen when my adventure with the piano was over. Then came a period of voice study. It was clear that I was not going to be a lyric soprano. There were no regrets on this account. Lyrical singing is delightful, inspiring. It is the mystery of the bird's throat, the primitive joy of nature released from the bonds of silence. It is the articulate soul of nature without guile. I am not emotional about myself, only when I explore the emotions of some marvelous inspiration in music. Only within the last few years has operatic music invaded the emotions. Up to the time when the Wagnerian school crashed over the tender lyrical formula, the emotions of operatic quality were as the pale beauty of a consumptive.

TEMPLES FOR MUSIC DRAMA

I SHOULD like to see the word opera banished forever, and in its place let us build magnificent temples for music-drama. I am thinking of the great significance to the masses

(who love music) of building in the large cities of the world vast music-drama houses instead of ornate opera houses.

Imagine the magnificent tribute that is due the art of music-drama, with what simplicity of spirit it should be approached! I can fancy a music-drama house to be a sort of huge Greek amphitheatre enclosed in the vaulted distances of pillars and archways that would lift the hearts and minds of the people to the height of true emotional perception. It should be a place of traditions more definitely founded on the true instances of drama than heretofore. The stage of this amphitheatre should be the people's altar, where they would abandon themselves in sincere spirit to emotional experiences. Of course, this is an impulse of my own deep impressions in the work of music-drama and may be challenged in flippant criticism, but, there is no flippancy of mood in the masses I have seen in New York, in Pittsburgh, in Detroit, in Chicago, abandoning their emotional senses to the music-dramas of Strauss, of Debussy, of Bizet. The association of "Thais" with my name is perhaps the most gratifying indication, as the performance has been received, that there is a new interest in the world for music-drama. In a sense the word opera is really obsolete. It is like the hand-organ, a name for worn-out music. The world never was so hungry for a new impulse to jaded imagination than it is now. Not merely to the imagination either, but an impulse to something far deeper and more perplexing to the soul. We are all scrambling ahead in pursuit of happiness for each other, and the solution seems near us when we put aside the conclusion of old ideas for new ones. Especially are we near the perception of happiness when we yield ourselves to the song of the heart, to the voice not merely of the trained singer, but of the singer inspired by the inexpressible wonder of a new music, in itself drama.

The revolution in opera against the lyric simplicities of bel canto began with the music-drama. It explored the instrumental values of the orchestra. It made it more than an actual part of the emotional purpose, the orchestra became the throbbing heart of the drama, intensifying the emotional opportunities of the singer. My own sympathies are every-

where, chiefly, however, with the new school of emotional drama in music. I sometimes go to the theatre and I find the play emotionally insufficient, because its substance is robbed of the supreme emotional language of the world. There is no interpretation of life in its utmost efforts to inspire—so extraordinary, so finally true—as music.

NO DRAMATIC MESSAGE WITHOUT MUSIC

THERE is no dramatic message in the theatre without music to interpret its emotional meaning. The spoken word is a hollow medium, an empty show of drama as it lies deep in all human hearts. There is no drama in “Thais” without it, there is no inspiration in “Salome” the play, but a faint suggestion of what it might mean to the splendor of barbaric imagination. Music electrifies the dramatic pulse of life, it illumines the gloom of mystery in the soul of humanity. It does more than merely poetize the imagination, it gives the spirit an actual experience. That is the marvelous surprise of music-drama, the enormous attraction it has for inarticulate human beings. It lifts them from the monotony of average impression to a new culture of feeling, to a clearer understanding of sordid passions, to a real sympathy with emotional experience. From the lesser emotions of transient interest people find themselves stirred by new emotional experience.

The scene, the costume, the story of a drama itself is merely the husk of music-drama. The emotional miracle of it is controlled from the tip of the leader’s baton. And he is only the symbol of the divine gift of some great composer. It is he who uses the language that is inspired, it is he who paints the emotional identity of drama with a brush that gives new meaning to the plot and passion of our lives.

The gift is not for all composers of music-drama. There are many celebrated composers who have not risen above the standard of theatrical invention in their music. Massenet, for instance, comes to mind, as one of those passive musicians who sacrificed conscience to the inflection of popular theat-

ricalism. Like Sardou in the drama, Massenet plays upon the spectacular temptations of the stage. He smooths the artistic conscience with the satisfaction that some of the masses are still unconscious of the difference between stage emotion and inspiration. Like Sardou, he assumes grand attitudes that sound equally important. Still Massenet was not so insincere in his relation to the spectacular theatricalism of music as Meyerbeer. How anyone can sit through a performance of "Le Prophète," is beyond my comprehension.

WHERE INSPIRATION BEGINS

THE question of where inspiration begins in music-drama, or where it ends is only referred to here most casually. It is an issue that demands far deeper analysis, but it may as well be mentioned. It serves to emphasize the reason for success of a new era in the emotional progress of our lives, and to qualify it. A composer like Debussy is, for instance, superior to Puccini, because Debussy performs a miracle of emotional transposition with drama, while Puccini embellishes the Italian temperament. Music-drama at its best is much more than a temperamental outburst; it is far more conservative, more subtle, more sincere than the temporary excitation of the senses. Debussy takes his dramatic theme to heart, he establishes it in an atmosphere of rare spirituality, he envelops it in the exquisite impulses of inspiration and so he transposes the dramatic fiction till it becomes emotion of supreme consequence. There is a message in Debussy's music that really stimulates the heart and delights the imagination; it is like youth in reverie, or youth in doubt, or youth in love, or youth in tragic destiny. Among other composers to whom belongs a large share in the reactionary perceptions of music-drama is Bizet. In "Carmen" he created music-drama, he uncovered the coquetry and passion of a woman's heart, the emotions of love and despair. The tragic hopelessness of "Don José," the splendor of the "Toreadore," the savagery of "Carmen" are the every-day drama of today, tomorrow and all times, but, in Bizet's language,

they assume their real emotional importance to our lives, and we dignify them in the experience the music gives us. That is what I mean when I speak of music-drama as a new perception of all emotion, and, as the chief one in art.

A DAY OF INTENSE EMOTIONAL NEEDS IN ART

WE have reached a period in the world's history when the clash of emotional conflict has supplanted the classic mood. The lyric mood with its soothing simplicity of tender remembrances will always survive, but for the future of opera there is only one course—it is the course of music-drama. Ibsen would be marvelous in operatic fame. If the composer should appear who would find the soul of *Hedda Gabler* in music, I should glory in the opportunity of singing the rôle. Debussy could have found the emotional forces of Ibsen, perhaps, but not Verdi. There will be no more lyrical operas written for many years to come, because we are on the verge, as we have been for some time, of intense emotional needs in art, of tremendous emotional confusion. The lyric voice will be idolized and fulfill its superb mission of stirring sweet remembrances in all of us, but music will be driven from the pleasant tuneful places to interpret the great drama of emotional conflict that is upon us.

We may need some new ideas in criticism to help the interpretation of these new emotions. Music-drama is comparatively a new and important form of appeal that has not been fully absorbed by critics of music. It is a youthful inspiration, it is a new, sturdy, young appeal in art. It is the youth of emotion trying to express itself, and it needs the criticism of youth. After a certain age there comes a shadow over the spirit called habits of thought. It afflicts critics as it does composers; it is the anesthetic of nature. Criticism is necessary; I seek it, benefit by it, but it should be readjustable. There is a form of criticism that is personal, that is flippant, that is without respect for the importance of the critical faculty, that defeats the real value of criticism. There is no musical criticism of any account in Europe any more. Criti-

cism is suspended for the more important excitement of the emotions. The critics are unemotional, as perhaps they should be, but what they might be, they are not. They do not inspire the singer, as they might. They write of the things the singer knows, the faults that the singer may have overcome, in the opinion of the public. For instance, we all knew that "Cleopatra" was a poor opera, written when the composer was on his deathbed. But it was an interesting point in one's repertoire; the creation of a great historical figure stimulates the imagination, inspires the art of music-drama.

If I have lapsed into serious talk it has been merely a part of my mood, this mood that began with a purpose after all. Perhaps the purpose is clear enough if you realize that it is a story of Mary Garden's explanation of herself.

My season in America this year has impressed me chiefly with a new emotional appeal that music-drama has made. It is a satisfying justification of my creed, that the language of emotional experience is spreading, that the secret of it is in the genius of music-drama. New composers will appear with the inspiration it requires. One of the most promising and the most distinguished among them today, I believe, is Camille Elanger, who lives in Paris. In the French school of music the surprise of music-drama will be found. Elanger has written an exquisite inspirational work on "Aphrodite," he has found in the theme of the famous play, "The Bells," which Sir Henry Irving immortalized, another music-drama, which he has produced in Europe under the title of "Le Juif Polonais." He has transposed Mme. Bernhardt's poetic tragedy, "La Sorcière," and recently finished a music-drama for me, "Forfeiture," based on the moving-picture called "The Cheat."

Yes, music-drama is cosmopolitan. Like myself, it scorns no emotional values from whatever source, for inspirational experiments. Camille Elanger will be one of the surprises in store for America next season. Till then, I shall pursue the adventures of my destiny.

"I shall continue to bloom!"

FLAWS IN THE "LEAGUE" COVENANT

The Republican Position

By HON. WILLIAM E. MASON

[REPRESENTATIVE-AT-LARGE FROM ILLINOIS]

THE general enquiry on the lips of the American people in connection with the present great war congress in Paris is as to whether a league of nations can be consummated that will put an actual end to war, and whether the consummation of such a league will interfere in any way with our own rights, privileges, and established traditions, such as the Monroe doctrine.

I believe a treaty can be made which will limit most of the causes for war, and which will eventually bring about the lasting peace of the world. I do not, however, believe that the proposal for a league of nations as now presented will consummate such a peace, and I very respectfully suggest amendments, a privilege which I share in common with the humblest citizen of my country. I spoke in the House in favor of an international agreement two months ago and I based my argument on the propositions of the President, for self-determination, which would open the door of the court composed of a league of nations to "all the peoples, large and small," throughout the world. I confess my bitter disappointment when the proposed constitution of the league was disclosed which absolutely closes the door to the smaller governments—the little peoples—who as matters stand are being governed by the Entente allies by force and without their consent.

The first amendment to the proposed league should in my opinion open the door for a just hearing for the Philippine Islands, South Africa, India, and Ireland whenever they

seek to present their claims for self-determination. Section 10 of the proposed treaty would compel the United States to defend the territorial integrity of Great Britain against a revolution in Ireland or Canada, provided that any outside government should even threaten to assist the revolutionist. That may be taken as a single illustration of this feature of the proposed league's workings.

My second leading point against the league as now proposed is that the whole theory of arbitration is left out. In a lawsuit the case is tried before a permanent court. Defendants are forced to come into the court because the cause is justiciable. But in a case of arbitration both parties have equal rights in the selection of judges. That privilege is entirely eliminated in the proposed peace constitution. It becomes very important therefore to consider the point raised by Theodore Roosevelt in his very last statement on this question. He says:

"Moreover, no international court must be entrusted with the decision of what is and what is not justiciable. In the articles of agreement the nonjusticiable matters should be as sharply defined as possible, and until some better plan can be devised the nation itself must reserve to itself the right as each case arises to say what these matters are."

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

ALL the high contracting parties agree that no attempt will be made to deprive this country of the Monroe doctrine. I do not believe the proposed constitution would deprive us of that protection. But many of our best Americans think it would. They feel that under the treaty the little republics of South America might be forced into a court and a decree entered which would change their governmental autonomy; and that the United States being a party to the treaty would be compelled to consent to that decree, which might surround the United States with monarchical forms of government that would be a constant menace to our own peace. However inasmuch as all the Entente powers are

agreed that they do not want to interfere with the Monroe doctrine what can be the legitimate objection to making such a declaration a definite part of the treaty?

“ THE BALANCE OF POWER ”

A GAIN the people of this country at large are suspicious that the formation of a league composed only of the victors makes it only another name for the “ balance of power.” To illustrate: when other nations knock for admission to this league the door will be opened or closed to them by nations that have been their rivals in trade and their enemies in war, and there is no American who is at all familiar with that commercial and military rivalry but feels there will in the end be two leagues of nations to enforce peace, and it requires no prophet to see that that simply means rapid preparation for another world-war. For instance: if Germany is excluded will the dual monarchy (Austria-Hungary) ask for admission? And in case these do not can we expect Bulgaria or Turkey to come knocking, or if these or any of them do come, will they come in good faith when their military and commercial allies are excluded?

Every proposal made by the league to enforce peace that had the endorsement of ex-President Taft embodied the idea that “ an invitation to join the league would probably be extended to all civilized and progressive nations.” The proposed constitution does not extend such an invitation nor invite them in at the beginning but leaves the question of the admission of other nations to the charter-members to determine whether they can afford to admit these outsiders. We are not ignorant as to the commercial rivalry between Great Britain and Germany, and we have some knowledge of the territorial rivalry between Italy and Austria, and it is not difficult to see that this organization would be sorely tempted to exclude any nation that might, by coming in, disturb the balance of power. It is perfectly clear to me that the treaty-making power cannot abridge the constitutional rights of any citizen. It cannot even authorize the President

to commit an act of war without a declaration of war by Congress. But the fact nevertheless remains that if we were in a treaty agreement to assist any of our allies it would be most persuasive in urging Congress to a declaration of war. In my humble opinion if they will make their terms of peace with Germany, and then all of the nations about the peace-table will agree to three simple propositions which I have had the honor to advance, which I believe would be a safe solution, and are as follows:

"We hereby form a league of nations to secure permanent peace, to which all nations are invited.

"We agree to refrain from making with any nation any secret treaty or agreement.

"We agree that in case of any disagreement between the parties hereto, or between any of the parties hereto and any other nation—provided such disagreement does not involve the sovereignty of any nation—to submit such disagreement to such league of nations for conciliation before committing any act of war upon any nation."

If these simple propositions were agreed to, all of the nations being a party thereto, each disagreement that arose hereafter would be taken care of as it came up and the suggestion of the late honored Mr. Roosevelt would be met, because each nation would have power to declare whether the case presented was justiciable.

A CASE IN POINT

MAY I illustrate? Suppose the contention should arise whereby some nation should demand the right to try an American citizen who might have made a raid into Canada; the United States would at once be obliged to say: "Our treaty-making power had no authority to deprive an American citizen of the right of trial by jury," nor could we be blamed for declining to submit any question which involved a violation of our Constitution. If the simple agreement which I have suggested were made I truly believe that no nation would commit an act of war against another nation

without seeking conciliation as provided for above. I know it will be met by the objection that it is vague and indefinite, but each case will take care of itself and the nation that refuses to arbitrate any case that does not involve its national existence will immediately lose its case in the open court of the world.

But if you attempt to make a permanent court appointed solely by "charter-members," and exclude all nations who may be the political or commercial rivals of charter-members, and seek to compel them to submit their causes to judges in whose selection they have had nothing to say you are simply sowing dragon's-teeth, and the harvest will be more war.

THE HAY-PAUNCEFOTE TREATY

LET me illustrate the difference between an established court and a board of arbitration. Suppose that on the expiration of our sealing treaty with Great Britain there should be further trouble which might be worked up as it was at one time into a warlike feeling. Both Great Britain and the United States would arbitrate beyond question as they did on the Alaskan boundary case. Would not the United States very naturally want to proceed as we have in the past by each party selecting a judge and those judges, so selected, selecting a third? What wise American would be willing to submit a question to a court or jury with a majority under all natural influence against it? In 1897 I had the honor of voting against the general arbitration negotiated by Hay and Pauncefote between this country and Great Britain which provided that we should arbitrate differences in territorial questions and that the judges should be selected: one by Great Britain, one by the United States, these to select a third. That was satisfactory and would have been ratified but for the fact that Great Britain insisted that if those two could not agree on a third then King Oscar of Sweden should be the third. In other words Great Britain had the power to name two out of the three judges; and if the purest and wisest statesman on earth was suggested by

the United States all Great Britain had to do was to decline to agree and select under our treaty two monarchial judges to our one republican. Yet that treaty was beaten by only two votes. Beaten because it eliminated the fundamental righteousness of arbitration. It may be fancied that I am prejudiced against Great Britain. On the contrary I am not, but after forty years of close observation of the diplomacy of Great Britain I regard her diplomats as the most industrious and patriotic of any diplomats in the world. When I say this, of course, I mean English patriotism. They are willing to arbitrate any question if they can name a majority of the arbitrators, and it is with no feeling of animosity against Great Britain and no feeling of unkindness towards the President that I say that if the proposed constitution of a league of nations is adopted as a part of the peace treaty Great Britain has overreached us in the field of diplomacy.

FREEDOM OF THE SEAS. NEUTRALITY

TAKE the question if you please of the freedom of the seas and the natural difference existing between Great Britain and the United States as to the rights of neutrals in time of war. Is there any lawyer in these United States who, if employed by the nation, would be willing to submit that question to the court that they propose to establish by this present constitution? Would it not argue on his part a lack of experience and common sense? What politician is there so dull he does not know the value of having a majority of the judges at a primary or general election? What lawyer at the New York bar is there who when he enters court does not want a judge whose natural association and environment would be favorable to his own theory of the case? He does not want a corrupt judge, but knowing the case he has to try he would like to have one whose political and religious and social environments are the same as those of his client.

I do not think for a moment that the judges to be selected by Great Britain would be susceptible to any wicked influence, but I know that an American judge in the very nature

of his blood would feel the American side of the controversy, and it is no reflection to say that the Englishman is just as patriotic as we are.

Our only safety therefore would be that England and the United States should have an equal show in the selection of the judges and each side having selected one could in turn find some statesman and jurist who is free of those natural prejudices and would be able to determine the case on its merits. Perhaps the reader will say I am suspicious. I can only say every man who is familiar with the past ought to be. I remember what *Jo Gargery* said to *Pip* in Dickens' story of "Great Expectations." He was trying to explain to *Pip* the peculiarities of *Mrs. Jo* and he remarked, "*Pip*, old chap, *Mrs. Jo* is given to government." Our friend and ally, Great Britain, is "given to government." She breeds and trains her diplomats—and while British diplomacy has made many wars English rights have never lost a point through the mistakes of English diplomacy.

In America let a man stand up for American rights or even call attention to additional amendments in treaties and he is often immediately branded by the people as a trouble-maker, and even probably called a fool. The United States Senate is elected by the people of this country and is made by the Constitution a part of the treaty-making power. The President has no power to make a treaty without the consent of the Senate and the least that body could have done was to notify the President who was not advising with them as required by the Constitution, that the constitution of the proposed treaty for the league of nations could not be ratified in the form in which he had negotiated it. That would have been much better than to wait until it came here as a part of the final treaty. And yet certain Senators, Republican and Democrat alike, are being berated the country over for exercising the power the people gave them.

In conclusion I am an optimist and have faith that the President and the Senate will be granted the patience and the ability to make a treaty; that will do away with secret treaties; that will give each controversy as it comes along the

opportunity to be adjudged strictly on its own merits; that will open the door to the great nation, and the little peoples alike, and give to all an even show in the selection of those who are to judge them.

Regarding my own proposed amendment as stated above it may be said by some that my suggestion hasn't any teeth, any "bite" as the President calls it, but the history of all state laws of arbitration is, that while not forced into the arbitration by law as soon as a board of arbitration was established the moment trouble arose between capital and labor the party that refused to go into the arbitration immediately lost public sympathy, and lost its case. So if a controversy arose between any two nations with this international agreement standing like an open door to arbitration, the nation that refused to submit clear justiciable questions would lose the respect of the nations of all the world and lose its case.

LOVE

By ARLEEN HACKETT

LOVE played upon my heart and broke the strings,
 And laughing, ran away.
 The song within my soul was hushed,
 I thought, for aye.
 Love came again, more sober grown, more kind,
 And mended up each string,
 And taught my heart to play once more,
 My soul to sing.

The "New" Maeterlinck

From Dreamer to Realist

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

WHAT has come over Maeterlinck? A year ago, no more, he seemed a dreamer—a sage and hermit, a serene philosopher, a reincarnation of that Antoninus Pius whom he admired and quoted freely in his essays. He had detached himself from the low and vulgar cares which fret and weigh on most men. He lived remote and free, as he desired to live, evolving dramas of mysterious charm and sweetness, wrapped in high thoughts and lapped, we thought, in happiness. He owned a romantic home in Normandy, a house in Languedoc, and a retreat in Paris. He was married to an admired and gifted woman. The surroundings amid which he dwelt were ideal.

His works, though they might not content the average man and woman, reflected the beauty and romance of his own life. But when, the other day, we read of his divorce, we saw, or fancied that we saw, that his exquisite serenity, his wisdom, his detached philosophy were subject to assault by common feeling. We were confronted all at once by a new Maeterlinck, a man of flesh and blood, like other men. Perhaps, if we had had time to watch him closely, we should have noticed a slow change of soul in Maeterlinck. Between the mysticism of his early works, and his most recent play, he had little by little somehow lost his youthful poetry.

In his "Princesse Maleine," his "L'Intruse," his "Péléas et Mélisande," his "Aglavaine et Sélysette" and his "Intérieur," he had dealt with marvels, with signs and portents, affecting human destiny. Then in his "Monna Vanna" he had put aside his mysticism and passed to romanticism. In his "Soeur Béatrice," he had dramatized a legend, and a Catholic legend. Then, in another sure descent from transcendentalism, in his "L'Oiseau Bleu," and its unsatisfying

sequel, known to us in English as "The Betrothal," he had come even nearer still to earth. At last, with the invention of his "Bourgmestre de Stilemonde" ("A Burgomaster of Belgium") he had abandoned poetry, and given us his version of a heroic, but real, episode of the world war. Contrast "Le Bourgmestre" with, if you will, his "Aglavaine" and you will perceive that, in the space of a few years, he had substituted realism for mysticism.

And before "Soeur Béatrice" there had come another work, partly real, partly symbolic, and partly poetic, that "Ariane et Barbe-Bleu," which had been suggested to him by Mme. Georgette Leblanc Maeterlinck. In this work (which he treats rather lightly in his preface to his collected dramas) he had expressed, in his own way, the fight of woman for emancipation. In fact, if not in form, it was a pamphlet, the summing-up of that wide, social movement aiming at "Votes for Women."

So much for Maeterlinck the new and the earlier dramatist. As an essayist, the "Belgian Shakespeare," to be sure, had changed less quickly. Yet here, too, we could observe wide gaps between "La Sagesse et la Destinée," and "Le Trésor des Humbles," their dreamy and half-pious outlook upon life, and the articles on the war which he contributed to the newspapers.

WHAT "THE MASTER" SAYS OF WOMEN

AS we consider what has happened to the poet since he parted company with the first Mme. Maeterlinck, an ironic interest attaches to these lines devoted to woman, in "Le Trésor des Humbles": "Let us draw near respectfully to the least and the most proud of them; to those who are absent-minded and to those who dream; to those who laugh or weep. For they know things we do not know, and they have a lamp which we have lost. They dwell at the very feet of the Inevitable and know the roads to it much better than we know them. . . . In their most trifling actions they feel themselves supported by the sure, potent hands of the great gods."

It was Maeterlinck who wrote that he believed (or so he said, in the book from which I have just quoted) that "women, above all, had preserved the mystic sense on earth." How, in the face of his daily companionship with Mme. Georgette, he held this view, I cannot think. For, attractive though she is in many ways, the lady who was lately Mme. Maeterlinck is most frankly human. Most surely she is far from transcendental. Her feet are planted firmly on the earth. Her eyes are turned on—anything but stars. A woman of great beauty, art and character, she is not idyllic. Temperamentally, she seemed to me, when I visited her Norman home, the antithesis of her ex-husband. I say "seemed." For there had always been two sides to Maeterlinck. Spiritually, he was once aloof from mundanity, and, for aught that I can tell, may be still. He cared little for his fellow men and women, though he thought about them all, of course, collectively. Physically, on the other hand, he was quite virile, and indeed athletic. A tall, upstanding figure of a man, broadshouldered, strong, clean-shaven and close-cropped, it gave me something like a shock some years ago, on meeting him, to find no hint in his grey eyes at even poetry.

He was seated in his study, a vast room at St. Wandrille, in what was formerly the sanctum of a Prior. At his feet crouched a pet bull-dog. Not the one, though, of which he wrote so eloquently, in his essay on "The Death of a Small Dog," as having been "beautiful, like a beautiful natural monster who has conformed strictly with the laws of his own species."

Of wit and humor, there is not a trace in him. Nor can one find the faintest hint at them in his early dramas.

I confess I was surprised at St. Wandrille to learn that the writer of the rhythmic, lovely phrases which delight one in his works wrote without effort. He is not a slave to labor, like Emile Zola, who had inscribed above his desk the exhortation *Nulla dies sine linea*. As a rule he gives two hours, no more, to day work. But his brain is always busy, night and day. He keeps a note-book near his bed, to which he retires at ten o'clock. And very often, if an idea occurs

to him, he wakes and jots it down. Then he goes off to sleep again, as easily as a child. He is fond of wandering alone, in his vast grounds, which include an Italian garden, spreading woods and a wee brook. "Books in the running brooks, sermons in stones." He is careful not to trim and doll up nature. His trees and shrubs and creepers all run wild. Above one corner of his grounds rise the tall ruins of a glorious Abbey, and near them are the far-famed Abbey Cloisters, well preserved, which would be worthy of the most wonderful cathedral. On a landing just outside his private den hangs a punching-bag. For Maeterlinck is an adept at boxing, among other sports.

On his desk were scattered books and sheets of manuscript. Not without trouble had I, after many months, induced him to receive me. Once, when I had forewarned him of a visit, he had evaded me. For, as I have hinted, he dislikes intruders. His manner, while not cordial, was quite courteous. If he was bored, he had the grace to hide his boredom. His walls were lined with bookshelves, amply filled. And from his window he looked out into his gardens, his green woods, and towering hills. The ambiency was slightly cold, much as it may have been when St. Wandrille was a great monastery.

A BELIEVER IN IMMORTALITY

MAETERLINCK talked with me for nearly a full hour, of death and life, and what came after death. In answer to my question, he assured me that, in his opinion, annihilation was impossible. "The world had no beginning," he declared. "It can have no end. Who could conceive of such a thing as the beginning of the end of what exists? As for the persistence of our consciousness—of our identity beyond this life—it does not interest me. What is our consciousness but a mere form of memory?"

His conclusion, as he added, was that. There would, after life, be a persistence of a modified consciousness. But, to support his views, he adduced no facts and no authority.

His book, when it appeared, was vain and empty, embodying really little of the slightest value. After reading it, those who believed in immortality, still clung to their belief, while those who rejected it, refused to change their theory. He was blandly unconscious that what he supposed impossible of conception, "the beginning of the end," had been described by scientists. He talked of marriage, which, as he said, should not and would not be necessary, if no children had to be considered. He loves children. He did not join Mme. Georgette and me when we drank tea together in my lady's sanctum, an untidy room on the ground floor below his study. There Mme. Georgette chatted of "the Master," as she then called her husband.

As she described him, he was moody, and at times childishly petulant. Rarely, till the production of that "*L'Oiseau Bleu*," with its misleading preachment about home happiness, did he go to the theatre. Music he despised, though in "*La Vie des Abeilles*" he professed to have caught the meanings of the most varied hummings of his friends the bees.

"He does not know one melody from another," Mme. Georgette confided to me. "He could not whistle the most simple air. All opera seems to him ridiculous."

Yet in his writings he is always musical. Nothing more beguiling than the rhythms of his dialogue in "*Pelléas*" and "*Aglavaine*," or the phrases in his essays, could well be imagined. Nature to him seems very much more eloquent than the most wondrous artist, and, perhaps, unconsciously, he adopts her cadences. But we need not credit him, without reserve, when he interprets what the bees have sung to him. Above all we will not take him in dead earnest in the appended passage:

"It is not sure that they can hear this honey-perfumed hum, this intoxicating shiver of fair summer days, which is one of the sweetest pleasures of the bee-rearer, this festal song of work, ascending and descending around the hive in the crystal clearness of the hour, which seems the light-hearted murmur of the blossoming flowers, the hymn of their happiness, the echo of their suave odors, the voice of the

white carnation, thyme and marjoram. Yet they have a full gamut of sounds which we can identify, ranging from deep felicity to menace, anger and distress. They have their ode to the Queen, their refrains of plenty, their psalms of sorrow."

MAETERLINCK ON LOVE

AND if we hesitate to admit Maeterlinck's sincerity with regard to music, can we accept him as a teacher of morality? Here is the theory of love which he unfolds in a chapter of "*La Sagesse et la Destinée*":

"In love as in life, it is almost always very useless to wait. It is by loving that one learns how to love; and it is with the so-called disenchantment of little loves one keeps alive in the most sure and simple way the inextinguishable flame which may some day come to illuminate the remainder of one's life."

To apply this utterance to his own case might be cruel. Good taste forbids one to inquire too pointedly whether his first, or second, or third union came with the great love, or with the lesser love.

It is difficult to say whether his second wife uplifted him or the reverse. Though it was Maeterlinck's mysticism that at the outset attracted her, and, according to her own statements, led her to Belgium with the fixed purpose of marrying him, she can hardly have been very much in sympathy *au fond* with his dreams. Yet she fell in with all his whims and curious ways. She even went so far as to respect his love of silence. There must have been strained times at St. Wandrille.

"One hardly hears a sound when we sit down together," was another of his then wife's confidences. "My husband talks as seldom as he can."

He would begin a sentence, stop, and allow his wife to finish it. He would sulk like a little child and just as shamelessly. She would take his place when he had irksome visitors, while he—to avoid them—would be riding his bicycle. She would stand between him and his unloved rela-

tives (chiefly her relatives). And, on the other hand, she would drag him, willy-nilly, into her quarrels with the composers and managers, who had aroused her woman's wrath by not permitting her to create roles in various operas.

This must have been distasteful to the most rooted instincts of a proclaimed philosopher. Nor can the rather concrete charm of Mme. Georgette have seemed always to fit in with his ideals.

And yet he had married his Georgette, as he has married his new wife, who was Renée Dahon, a lady who had appeared in turn as the "Cold in the Head" and the *Tyl-Tyl* of his "*L'Oiseau Bleu*." Moreover, it was to his second spouse he had dedicated, not only "*Le Trésor des Humbles*," but also "*La Sagesse et la Destinée*." Here are the words which we find prefaced to the latter work:

"To you, I dedicate this book, which is, so to speak, your work. There is a more lofty and more real collaboration than that of the pen—it is that of thought and example. I have not had to painfully imagine the resolutions and the actions of an ideal sage, or to drag from my own heart the moral of a lovely, though of necessity a somewhat hazy dream. It has sufficed for me to listen to your words. It has sufficed to let my eyes observe you attentively in your life. There they could see the movements, gestures, habits of wisdom personified."

THE DREAMER BECOMES A REALIST

IT is hard, and more than hard, to see how the Maeterlinck who penned those lines could have developed into the new Maeterlinck. Though we knew that even Socrates and Plato at times lapsed strangely from philosophy, we had somehow come to look on the poet whom Octave Mirbeau had so absurdly introduced to us as another Shakespeare, as above human frailties. How can we reconcile the creator of "*Péléas et Mélisande*," so tragically tender, with the writer of "*Le Bourgmestre*," and the protagonist of a divorce suit? A minority had long smiled at the mysticism of his early plays

and essays. To them he had seemed "such stuff as dreams are made on." But by a larger mass of men and by most women he had been hailed, extolled, enshrined as a prose-poet of beguiling transcendentalism.

Mme. Georgette may in part explain the mystery. Advancing age? Perhaps.

There is the war, too. The last four years have blotted out much art, seared many souls, and crushed out many ideals. As we look back, the achievement of Maeterlinck appears to have had three phases. And, by some chance or for some natural reason, they have corresponded roughly with the duration of his three different marriages. In the first phase we knew Maeterlinck, the dreamer. In the second, we see Maeterlinck, the romanticist. In the third, the romantic dreamer changed to a realist.

Love does play havoc with the best of poets, though Maeterlinck would not have had us think so. You may see for yourselves how he protested against the idea of letting love destroy one's hope. Turn to a passage in his essay on "La Sagesse et la Destinée," from which I have quoted at some length already. There, near the end, you will find this set down—by the second of the three writers who are Maeterlinck:

"Love in a heart breaks only fragile objects. If it breaks everything, it is because all is fragile. There is no one who has not more than once thought his life was shattered. But often those who have really had it shattered have owed their misfortune to I know not what of vanity clung to the ruins."

Which is worthy of the third and newest Maeterlinck.

THE HORSELESS FARM

By JUDSON D. STUART

“OLD DOBBIN” was *not* at the station when I alighted from the train.

This starts off like the stereotyped back-to-the-old-farm fiction, because there was always an ancient horse yclept “Dobbin,” who either stood patiently at the little railroad station or thrust his head from the square stable window and whinnied a welcome to the returned hero.

This is not fiction, and I am not the hero. My Uncle William has that part in this narrative of fact, but what else can I do or how can I otherwise begin this when there was a real horse at Uncle William’s farm and his real name was Dobbin, and he was there four years ago on my previous visit? I fully expected to meet Dobbin. Instead, Uncle William piloted me around to the parking place back of the station, opened the door of a light runabout, and said, “Jump in, Jud. How’re the folks in the city?”

We were home before I had answered all of Uncle William’s questions. The old farm had been almost as much of a home to me since boyhood as my father’s city house. Up to this visit it had seemed to me that whatever else changed in all the world, neither time nor progress nor any other power could change that farm. On this occasion things seemed a little different; I couldn’t quite place them at first. I missed the ancient log dugout watering trough beside the old stable. A second look and I missed the odorous stable. In its place was a cement building, neat, attractive, but there without apparent reason.

The reason became apparent when Uncle William stopped at the gate post, leaned out, pulled a handle attached to a wire and, behold, the doors of the building opened.

“Garage!” I exclaimed.

“And then some,” added Uncle William.

He was right. It was more than a garage, it was as I soon learned the “engine house of a horseless farm.” At the rear were a number of doors. Inside was a work bench,

lathe, closets for spare parts, auto tires, an array of peculiar looking things that seemed far too complicated for me to attempt to understand. Uncle William had a light motor-truck, his runabout and two peculiar looking things that he said were "jest a coupla tractors."

Old Dobbin had passed on to wherever it is that faithful farm horses go. Uncle William had owned other horses at the same time, six in all. Today he owns no horses. More than that, he boasts of it and quotes his neighbors who got together and voted him absolutely crazy when he attempted to operate his 200 acres under cultivation without the faithful old Dobbin and his prototypes.

MECHANICAL BRAUN FOR THE FARM

TRACTORS, I knew, now played a big part in farming, but it had not occurred to me that it was possible to dispense entirely with horses. It is not generally done today, but, from what I learned at my uncle's farm and in the neighborhood where several others had given up horses altogether, I could see that the horseless farm is on the way, that horses on farms will be the exception rather than the rule and it looks as if the farm mechanic with his tractors and other power devices is going to help solve the:

Keep the boy on the farm problem.

The lack of hired men problem.

The increase of cultivated acreage problem.

The food problem.

The general agricultural problem.

Uncle William is a typical modern farmer, which means that he is well read, thoughtful, keen, far-seeing and one who has discovered that it takes more brains than brawn in these days to be a successful farmer.

No lover of art ever took a visitor through his private gallery of old masters with more pride than Uncle William evidenced as he escorted me about his farm, and just as the art lover might rave over the sepia shadows of a Van Dyke, the sunshot waters of a Sorolla or the delicacy of a Corot, Uncle William raved over bull gears, carrying trucks, two-

row cultivators, double-disc plows and other works of tractor art far too deep and technical for a mere writer chap to appreciate. Just to what extent an apparently complicated and unsentient tractor could help solve that old but all-important "keep-the-boy-on-the-farm" problem puzzled me. I told Uncle William as much.

"Jud," he said, "it doesn't take brains to harness a horse or clean out a stall. It doesn't take brains to cling on to the hickory handles of a plow and keep her nose into the sod and along as straight a line as practical."

"Brawn, of course," I assured him.

"That's just it. Our boys don't want to build up their brawn that way. Some poets and writer chaps have referred to farmers as 'clod-hoppers.' Shakespeare made all his farmers dullards, stupid as the ox. I remember one line in Gray's *Elegy*, which goes, 'The plowman homeward plods his weary way.' I don't know but what people had a right to make fun of farmers and farm boys. They used to be dull, rough, uncouth, awkward. Why not? You get up at day-break and follow a slow-stepping old plow horse all day, walking in muck until your feet are as big and clumsy as an elephant's, and it doesn't put any edge on your brain. Come night the horses were too hard worked to be driven to town and the farm boy too hard worked to care to go to town.

"I never blamed farm boys from getting to the city where a job of getting up at six and working all day at driving an express truck seemed a regular 'easy life and cinch job' to them. But today one husky farmer lad can do more work sitting down than ten boys could do in my young days straining every muscle."

Uncle William gazed through the tobacco smoke rather fondly at his garage.

"Sitting down?"

FARMING DE LUXE FOR ALL

"YES, sir, mostly, these days. It's like this, Jud, the power machines are doing farm work now. A chap sits down to plow, to harrow, to plant, to cultivate, he can

even sit down to harvest and thresh and bind, dig trenches for irrigation, and pump water into 'em. The farm tractor does it all. There's a good springy seat, a good steering wheel to handle and a motor that just snakes plow, harrow and cultivator through and over the soil without a shiver or jerk. Not long ago the farm boy would take three days to plow and harrow the lower meadow down there and his body would be full of aches and pains, his hands full of blisters and his soul full of bitterness. Today he'll plow, harrow, seed and smooth the lower meadow in a day with nary a back-ache or blister, and then he'll wash up, get into his other clothes, hop into the runabout and go down to the village for a few hours to see the movies or call on some friends. That's what I mean—the farm tractor is going to keep the boy on the farm and bring many such a boy back from the city.

“It sounds logical——”

“*Sounds* logical?” snorted Uncle William. “It is logical. Young Bill is through with his freight-office job and back here for keeps.”

“Young Bill,” is my cousin.

“Peters' boys are all home working the farm. Peters has bought the Kelly land adjoining and put fifty more acres of his own land under cultivation. He paid both boys double wages two years ago, that is, double what he would have had to pay hired men, and he was making money at that because either one of his boys can do three times the work of any farm hand we've seen in these parts for years. Last year the boys and their father worked the farm on shares, he took 50 per cent and paid the farm costs and the boys took 25 per cent each. They made more money and saved three times as much of it as they did during their two years and a half in the city.”

Cousin Bill, I learned, had gone on a fishing trip. He had plenty of time between cultivating and haying. All this began to take on an added interest. I had come on for a rest and to forget such things as editors and special articles, but my old-time newspaper “nose for news” led me to investigate. It sounded altogether too easy to be probable. It

struck me that Uncle William's enthusiasm was a trifle too bubbling, that the fact that he could sit in a spring seat, "step on the gas," and plow and harrow at the same time had led him to believe that he could do everything else as easily. I hinted as much. Uncle William grinned and stuck to his subject of keeping boys on the farm.

CAUSE OF ABANDONED FARMS

"**I** TELL you it changes their attitude toward the farm. Do you know just what it was that caused so many abandoned farms?"

"Work, solitude, small returns, no chance to be sociable with other young folks," I repeated glibly. Oh, I knew all about it. I had written long articles about the farm boy, each a brief in his favor, condoning his desertion of the parental roof for the city hall bed-room.

"The one big thing, biggest thing, was just that measly, ornery hoe!" declared Uncle William. I began to see light. I had painful memories of breaking my back hoeing between rows of corn and potatoes that seemed 25,000 miles in length.

"When it's a good bright morning and the birds are singing and the farm boy has visions of the trout stream, it naturally tortures his soul and makes him hate the whole world when he sees row after row of weeds that must be whacked out with a hoe. But let him hitch the cultivator attachment to the tail of the light tractor, climb up and snake it up and down, cultivating two rows at a lick, knowing that he can do nine acres in a day and take it easy, there's no soul-crushing dismay. He finishes the job and goes fishing tomorrow, or he may go fishing today knowing that he can cultivate the whole patch next forenoon."

Uncle William then branched off into talk about drawing a 12-hoe double-disk drill to top-dress wheat with prepared fertilizer and was soon getting me quite beyond my depth with his technicalities, but I gently steered him into more shallow channels where I understood his talk, and learned many things, such as the fact that my young cousin Bill, alone, with one tractor, did the work of six horses and

three men in the same length of time. I learned that the tractor plow turned the sod deeper, stirred it up better and made possible better crops than ever horse-plowing could do. Later I met one man who worked 120 acres of land alone with the aid of his cultivators, where formerly he used to keep four horses and two hired men.

To run what looked like a large and complicated machine through a field of corn without crushing it seemed impossible. "Here's where you need the horse and small cultivator," I boasted. Uncle William climbed sprily into the seat and went through his corn and for half an hour he didn't crush a stalk. I quit watching him then. Sometimes, in turning, the ends of the rows are damaged, but I was told that the tractor cultivator knocked down 20 per cent less corn than the horse cultivator.

THE HORSE VERSUS TRACTOR

EDISON was right when he said that a horse is the poorest motor ever built. "His thermal efficiency is only 2 per cent and it takes the output of five acres of good soil to feed him one year." The Wizard made this statement years ago. Figures today show that a corn-belt farm which requires the services of three men and six horses for 100 days requires but one man, with a cultivator, to do the same work, and takes but 60 days. And the cost is one half less than with horses!

The tractor cannot do exactly everything, yet it can apparently do everything that the farm horse can do except, perhaps, attract flies. What with the tractors, the farm motor-truck, the farm automobile, the farm stationary gasoline motors, electric motors and similar power, there is no more need of horses than there is need of feet on fish. The farm tractor is the most valuable asset, of course, for with it the farmer may plow, harrow, smooth, plant, cover, cultivate, mow, reap, thresh, bind. Belt attachments enable the farmer to use it for ensilage chopping, for shredding, for hoisting ensilage into the silo, for hoisting hay into the mows, pumping for irrigation, for the concrete mixer, to run the

home saw-mill, the wood-splitter, churn, cream separator, food grinder, husker, grindstone and do many other things.

Old Dobbin has surely got to go.

The horseless farm is the one solution of the many problems. The horseless farm brings greater profit, less work, more content. What with the automobile that brings the farmers together, the telephones that annihilate solitude and loneliness, the tractor that banishes back-ache and speeds up crop productions, and the many contrivances that do everything from milk cows and run the family washing machine to reap, thresh and bind, the farmer has come into his own.

A BETTER DAY DAWNS FOR THE FARMER

THE American farmer became dull only because he worked like the "stolid ox" and became too tired to think or take amusement. Naturally he prefers brain to brawn. He is a natural mechanic, he likes machinery, he loves to tinker. He loves to speed up. There is only so much "speed" in a horse—or so much "slowness," for the farm horse has no such thing as speed. The American farmer has too nimble a brain to be following a horse about plowed fields. He is naturally progressive. That he can put a quarter's worth of gasoline into a tank and get ten times the work out of it that he can get out of a quarter's worth of oats put into a horse is just the thing that appeals to him.

He isn't afraid of work. His ancestors were not afraid of work; broad fallow fields of today were virgin forests in the days of his ancestors. The intelligent farmer was never afraid of work, but he is sensible about it. He can see no reason for working hard when it is not necessary. Having discovered that the horse is, as Edison said, "a mighty poor motor"; having discovered that the horseless farm is at least three times as profitable and takes at least five times less work to operate, the American farmer naturally lets "Old Dobbin" slide into history along with the yoke of oxen of his grandfather, the spinning-wheel of his great grandmother.

The horseless farm of today is equally as tempting to the farm girl as to the farm boy. Time was when the average

farm girl could see, in marrying a farmer, only a life of drudgery ahead for herself. But the days are long past—on horseless farms—when it can be said:

“Man’s work is from sun to sun

But woman’s work is never done.”

The farmer’s wife has a little car in which to run about, visiting. She no longer need break her back over the ancient up and down churn, or even turning the crank of the cream separator, for the little motor does all of that work these days. It even turns the washing machine, the cows are milked by machinery and the old time drudgery of the farmer’s wife is no more. Under the all-embracing title of “chores” many a farm wife and mother has broken down her health in doing everything from shoveling paths and milking cows to splitting kindlings and thawing out the pump, watering and feeding the stock and many other such jobs sandwiched in between her regulation housekeeping work.

But the farm girl knows that life is easier for her now, she can get out easily, the drudgery and slavery part of the farm work is done by motive power instead of by aching back muscles.

The horseless farm is going to be the rule rather than the exception. I could see it coming all through the district that I visited. Banks were eager to loan money to help farmers equip their farms with the necessary apparatus. Uncle William, being a director of one of the local banks, knew whereof he spoke.

“That Markham feller who wrote some poetry about ‘The Man With The Hoe’ who was bowed down with the weight of centuries or something like that had best get busy and write a brand new poem now,” Uncle William suggested, “something about the man with the dough, up-standing and cheerful and happy because of the horseless farm that rests on his shoulders no heavier than my Sunday gallusses.”

THE THEATRE IN REVIEW

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

THE changing dramatic year has reached its spring season—the days when the managers with unproduced plays rush them in to the metropolis—when musical scores are taken from desk drawers and studied in hopes that they may develop the qualities of a Summer success, when every manager and player is thinking of the season that is to come, weighing the chances of a successful play or part.

The season that is drawing to a close has been an interesting one, even if it has not brought any truly great plays to our boards. It has given us new plays by several popular authors, introduced a few new faces—and proved time after time that the war-worn public has been anxious for the frothiest of musical plays, dramas that tell an absorbing story irrespective of theme, and that comedy is, as ever, supreme. This particular season seems to proclaim a choice for the so-called “bedroom” comedy.

One thing certain is the fact that the season has been a financial success. Practically every manager has had his little group of nest eggs, and from his profits will be able to experiment, a promise full of interest for next year.

Plays of Ancient Days

THE newer theatrical offerings, rushed in just before Lent, or offered during the days when theatrical people expected a depression, are not many. Comedy prevails, and there have been a share of revivals. At least three of the bills have been what are termed “costume” plays, reflecting days and people that are past.

Philip Moeller's new play is a literary drama built around the life of Molière, a man who wrote good comedies, but lived a personal tragedy. The new drama has the advantage of giving audiences a glimpse of the court life of Louis XIV., Montespan, Armande Béjart, La Foret, the cook to

whom Molière, history tells us, read his new plays—a half-score men whose exploits during that period of history have made them memorable, all play their part. The play, however, is literary, rather than truly dramatic. One feels that he is watching the reading of a book rather than the acting of a drama. There are two love stories, one between the fickle Armande and a courtier she feels may bring her into greater favor, the other between Molière and Montespan. The final act shows Molière's death during a performance of his "*Le Malade Imaginaire*"—at an hour when Armande has come back to him, and the King, overlooking all that is past, comes to announce that Molière is again in royal favor. The play is handsomely, regally produced, with Henry Miller as Molière, Holbrook Blinn as Louis XIV, Blanche Bates as Montespan, Estelle Winwood as Armande, and Alice Gale as the cook who was Molière's chief literary adviser. The company is large and the other players capable.

A second play with the stirring history of France as a background—this time during the days following the fall of Napoleon—is the revived "*The Honor of the Family*," in which Otis Skinner is again playing *Colonel Philippe Bridau*. The *Colonel* is the commanding figure of the play, swaggering on his way to triumph, no matter if it be in love or more material things. Mr. Skinner's portrayal will be familiar to many of his admirers, and to those who have never seen him there is joy in store, for his blusterings are amusing—Mr. Skinner bringing out all the wily subtleties of the character. The supporting cast is highly satisfactory—each player seeming to have caught the spirit of 1820 and carried it down a century to the satisfaction of a modern people.

Still another evening at the theatre carries us back through the years—this time to the Biblical days of Job, and to the fifth century Arabs. "*The Book of Job*," which Stuart Walker has revised for a special Lenten season, is, as last year, a powerful drama—lacking somewhat in action, but bringing actions and staging of the highest quality to the theatre. To have taken the King James version of the Bible and evolved a play from its text is in itself a feat, but to make

it interesting to modern playgoers is a triumph. George Gaul again plays Job in the manner which won him loud praise a season ago. The other part of the program is Dunsany's new play, "The Tents of the Arabs." It is not quite so satisfying as his more dramatic plays, but it is an entertaining trifle, concerning a king who loved the desert and ran away for a year. On the sands he meets a gypsy, and they spend their year together. When the hour of parting comes, intervening fate allows the king's chamberlain to recognize an impostor as the true king, and the king and his gypsy maid go back to the Tents of the Arabs. The play is beautifully acted by McKay Morris as the king and Beatrice Maude as the gypsy girl, Miss Maude lending a pictorial charm to her playing that makes the role one of her best characterizations.

Comedies of 1919

SWINGING to modern plays one finds "Toby's Bow." "Toby's Bow" came into the world of the theatre very quietly, and for a few days seemed to be overlooked. Time, however, has proved it to be one of the most excellent comedies of the season. It is by John Taintor Foote, an author famed for his racetrack stories, and Mr. Foote has used his knowledge of the modern literary world in such a way as to allow his author hero to disclose numerous secrets of the story-telling world not generally known.

These are only incidentals to a good story, however, the opening curtain discloses an act quite out of keeping with the rest of the play. Bored by the "morning after" of a Greenwich village party, a gathering at the novelist's room decided to play strip poker. Before they are finished, one understands the author's need of regeneration. The second act discloses a very different atmosphere, the novelist going back to Nature—on a Southern plantation. It is in this act that *Toby* makes his appearance, the irresistible, ex-slave *Toby*, whose bow is his chief function. The story of the play is quite conventional, with the hero being quite reformed and marrying the nice little Southern girl. This young lady, by the way, is writing a book, and the scenes in which the novelist tells

her how best-sellers are written, is a revelation to those who think that literature of the best-seller type is the child of artistry. The cast is excellent. Norman Trevor as the novelist has a part that allows him to use all of his splendid abilities, while George Marion (incidentally, he produced the play), is *Toby*—and one of the most likable colored majordomos one could ever meet. Alice Augarde Butler is in the cast, and so is Merle Madden. Doris Rankin plays the Southern girl—and one wishes that she didn't.

Don't miss "Toby's Bow." It is one of the best of the new plays.

"A Sleepless Night" is the title of the latest intimate farce. The plot is not extraordinary. Of course, there is the usual couple who are married, but do not tell that fact until after they have shocked the audience—then, too, there is an unsophisticated young lady who craves adventure. The second act shows a very handsome four-poster done with rose covers, and the young couple who are married, but have not told, are talking things over. The unsophisticated young lady decides to have her adventure, and so goes to the room of a young man she imagines to be single—and well, they hide in the bed, under the bed, rush around in the usual manner, and naturally everything ends happily with the final curtain. The cast is "long" on names. Ernest Glendenning is the young man in the case, playing his role with easy manner and scoring his usual success. Peggy Hopkins is the unsophisticated thing, while Carlotta Montrey and Lucile Watson add much with their beauty and their acting abilities. "A Sleepless Night" is good fun for those that like plays of its type, and has the additional merit of being excellently produced and acted.

A Good Actress and a Bad Play

"THE FORTUNE TELLER" is hardly a good play, yet it deserves high praise for the fact that, during the early part of the performance, the situation is such that it allows the audience to realize just how great an actress Marjorie Rambeau can be when given the proper material.

In this scene Miss Rambeau is a woman who has deserted her husband years before, had fallen on very degenerate ground, drugs, drink—and has taken the profession of a fortune teller. She recognizes a young man who comes to have his fortune told as her son, and the situation allows for much that is fine in acting. With such a prologue a truly great play might be written—but instead the author has developed a monologue on mother love. As a play, “The Fortune Teller” is poor, but at least it gives Miss Rambeau a few minutes of triumph.

“*Monte Cristo, Jr.*”

THEY have called the latest Winter Garden spectacle “Monte Cristo, Jr.” One name is as good as another, and one character of romance fits the center of the stage as well as another. The necessities for a successful Winter Garden show are girls, lots of them, costumes, some abbreviated and all rich in color and design, comedians, many of them, much scenery of the spectacular type—and of course, plenty of songs—the more catchy the tune, the more successful the song. It is not exactly a difficult recipe to follow, and entertainment of a greater or lesser degree is sure to result. In the case of “Monte Cristo” the entertainment is not quite as high as some Winter Garden plays have offered, but it is entertainment—the evening goes by quickly, with the eye charmed by color. The story is familiar, and one can imagine how it lends itself to production. The players are numerous, so numerous that several people of real ability have little to do. Charles Purcell is *Monte Cristo*, a singing role which gives him a chance to use his undisputed art. Audrey Maple has little to do but be beautiful, but a girl named Esther Walker, a recruit from vaudeville, sings several songs in an unusual style. Ralph Hertz is also in the cast, as one of the ever-humorous Dooleys and “Chic” Sales.

Oh, yes, Al Jolson and “Sinbad” have moved again. This spectacle, with its three matinees a week, probably holds the record for amusing metropolitan audiences.

The Editor's Un-Easy Chair

(Contributions to this department must be addressed to the Editor and should not exceed 1,000 words. Manuscripts should contain addressed envelope stamped.)

Making the World Safe

THE American newspaper follows the flag. There are two outspoken American "voices" in France, the *Stars and Stripes* and the *Plane News*, both lusty organs of the striking arms of our forces overseas. The *Plane News* is edited by First-Lieutenant Thomas W. Ward, A. S., officer in charge. In the issue of February 15th, the *Plane News* gives utterance to what some of the fighting boys think of the Dry Amendment, and adds: "What would the boys in the trenches have done without *rum*? They could not have stood the rigors of trench life and more would have died from exposure than from bullets if it had not been a recognized necessity and included in the ration issued to all troops; . . . and we all know the importance of morale and the fact that the ration of rum and tobacco were factors in maintaining the morale of the troops."

We share with Lieut. Ward his concern, having observed the utility of rum in warfare, but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that there isn't going to be any more war—so we won't need rum or tobacco or doughnuts or any of these insidious enemies to digestion and democracy. At least, we are told that when the League of Nations gets into working order, war will be banished from the face of the earth. Any little war that raises its voice in the future ideal state, will be promptly ostracized, talked to death, or "withered up," as ex-President Taft puts it. No one is going to speak to anybody that gets his war bristles up. He will just have to go away and bay the moon, all day by his own self—and his fur will just lay down of its own accord. If it doesn't, a great big policeman of the land or sea will cuff his naughty ears and tell him to go home and wash the dishes, put the cat out and go to sleep. It is going to be a good world to live in and *safe*—which reminds me of a story:

Once upon a time there was a young schoolmarm, spend-

ing her summer vacation up in Maine. Down by the sea was a lighthouse, very old, very picturesque, a survival of clipper days. The young schoolmarm, who, when she was home in Kankakee, drove a flivver, was possessed of a keen desire to see the ancient lighthouse, about which the other boarders were enthusiastic and which was highly recommended by the landlady, as a pretty day's pilgrimage. But alas! It was too far from the boarding-house to walk, and the flivver had been left in the woodshed at Kankakee. Bent upon the pilgrimage, the schoolmarm took counsel and was referred to the town livery stable. Not used to driving anything more spirited than a Henry, she asked if, perchance, the keeper of the horse garage had a "perfectly safe horse."

"Yep, mum,—one I'll guarantee—— Hey, boy, hitch up Dobbin."

"But *is* he *perfectly* safe?" she insisted.

"As safe as if he were hitched to a post," underwrote the horse man. So, taking the reins, Miss Schoolmarm started for the light, some two leagues north, as the crow flies.

"Ged ap, horsey!" she said, slapping the reins over his yellowed back. And Dobbin started down the dusty road.

Night was falling fast when the wheels of the buggy rolled up in front of the livery stable, and wearily and sadly Miss Schoolmarm descended to *terra firma*.

"Well, ye found old Dobbin safe, Miss?" grinned the horse man.

"*Safe! safe!*" was all she could gasp, as she dived into her reticule for a two-dollar bill.

"Did-na tell ye he was as safe as if he war tied to a hitchin' post?"

"Yes—and he might as *well* have been tied. That horse is *too* safe; we never got there at all!"

Pulling the Meat Trust to Pieces

IS the meat "trust" to be broken up? Mr. Hoover, and Mr. Heney, attorney for the Federal Trade Commission, think it should be, referring to the Big Five Packers, who

deal also in poultry, cheese, eggs and by-products of the packing industry. If Swift, Armour, Cudahy, Wilson and Morris are to be disintegrated how are they to be separated into their parts and still retain the efficiency now unquestionably theirs?

When the Standard Oil Trust was broken up the physical plants remained the same. The break-up was a matter of bookkeeping. Does anyone think that the disintegration of that huge organization lowered the price of oil? There is no evidence of such an approach to the millennium. If the interests in the stock-yards are severed from the various packing houses, will the stock farmer secure more for his live stock—which he seeks, and will the cut of beef at the local butcher be lowered thereby? If the local distributing plants of the Big Five are disassociated or taken under Government operation, will food products be delivered there by the Big Five at a less price than now, and will the overhead charges of the local distributing plants be so much less under Government operation that meats, poultry, eggs, etc., will be sold to the local butcher at a less price than now — *and* will the *local butcher buyer* sell to the consumer at a less profit? In other words, can human nature be changed by Government edict? Messrs. Big Five have been under repeated investigation by all sorts of Government and semi-Government agencies, and all the sins of every profiteer in meats and allied food products have been laid at the door of the packers. In the interests of the ultimate consumer, as well as the cattle farmer, and the grain raiser, the investigation of our food should be taken out of politics. If there is a huge profit, which the packers show to the contrary, and if there is profiteering in cattle-raising industries, in packing houses, stockyards and among the retail butchers, the onus should be placed where it belongs.

Food and meat foods, a perishable product, is of such vast importance to every human being that a remedy—a solution—should be found. A non-political commission, made up of economists and disinterested men, might be formed and everyone concerned in the business given a hearing.

There are several thousand packers and butchers in the

wholesale trade and they should all have their day in an impartial court, before drastic irrevocable measures are taken.

“ Watch Your Step! ”

SENATOR REED'S idea of resorting to a plebiscite of American voters to pass upon the question of internationalism involved in the League of Nations is fundamentally democratic. Our slogan in this war was to “ make the world safe for democracy.” It is the contention of some of our eminent statesmen that the spirit of democracy pervades Great Britain, Italy, Belgium, Japan and lesser monarchies interested in the League, hence, it is argued, there is no impropriety in our Republic locking interests with these monarchies. Opinions differ on this subject. Opinions differ as to the propriety of our releasing our right to keep in such a state of war defense as is consistent with our size and position in the family of nations. Opinions differ as to our attitude toward Russia. Shall we *make* Russia safe for democracy or leave her to work out her own salvation or destruction? The League document brought home by President Wilson is of course not a final draft. In fact, it is already punctured by the shafts of trained legal minds. However, it is not supposed to be much other than a target, and is susceptible of many modifications. The great thought for Americans at this hour, is to cling to our own national entity and structure and not relinquish our constitutional powers, or delegate them to any convention, even though our representation is fairly proportioned. It would be a safer look toward democracy if a League had no post-war active militant status. As a well organized international “ fire-department,” a League agreement might effectually put out wars; but no document, however carefully drawn, can insure war prevention. War is seldom premeditated—it bursts out like fire. The careless or ill-timed shot of a sentry, the bullet of an assassin, a shot from a remote gun-boat on river patrol in a foreign country, the murder of a missionary, a labor conflict in an alien land—these and other apparently trivial incidents precipitate war. They are inevitable in the nature

of things and to eliminate them would be to utterly change human nature. The ethics, the culture, the education of the world must go forward along international lines, but races do not change and are better developed as they are less interfered with. When Rome or China "broke up" only a dead or inert civilization remained.

Nations, as with individuals, must not interfere with each other too much. A League for Putting out War, is the ultimate aspiration of the world. Perhaps in the forge of public opinion it will assume that sort of a new international War Constitution! To internationalize human motives to enforce peace, to wrest individuality from constituted governments, to pool and compromise national policies, is to invite friction, and to precipitate clash. So far as the embryo covenants of the proposed League suggest a cure-all for war we at least should hold fast to our traditional policies—and trust ourselves rather than others.

Drinking Here and There

THERE survives a time-honored saw, "Charity covers a multitude of sins." It is almost as true of the reverse, "a multitude of sins opens to charity," if drinking in corner and other saloons is in the category of "sins." The despised saloon has long been a sourceful recruiting ground for charity solicitors. The figures of the black-gowned "sister" and the tambourine lassie are familiar to every drinking resort. Now that the saloon is to pass, the tambourine as a collection plate is to go. Instead comes a formidable propaganda committee who will reduce the collection of funds to a science.

The lassies' successors are to ask entrance into the advertising pages of the periodicals—for charity's sake. Will the published appeal be as effective in its tribute to charity as the man at the bar among whose established habits was to drop a dime in the tambourine? We are living in a period of changing psychology—perhaps the Salvation Army's mission will pass with the saloon and the days of tribute from the devil to support the saint may be one of the manifestations of the New Order.

But, apropos of our advanced attitude toward rum and its family of spirits, comes a thought and an amusing sidelight from our late Consul-General to New Zealand and more recently Consul to Rheims, Mr. James Martin Miller. Says Consul Miller:

"When the United States prohibits the children of this country from drinking cows' milk, then France, Italy and Spain will prohibit the use of wines, and Germany and Austria will prohibit the use of beer. Australia and New Zealand have woman suffrage, with barmaids in the public houses, or saloons, the same as they have in the United Kingdom of Great Britain. Of course, there is what might be called a temperance or prohibition element in Great Britain and the British Colonies, but it is not by any means as sweeping and drastic a measure as our Constitutional Amendment seems to stand for.

"In France and other Latin countries men, women and children in the church and out of it use the lighter alcoholic beverages. I do not believe there are any exceptions. One is safe in saying there is no prohibition sentiment in those countries where wine has been one of the chief articles of food for centuries before America was discovered.

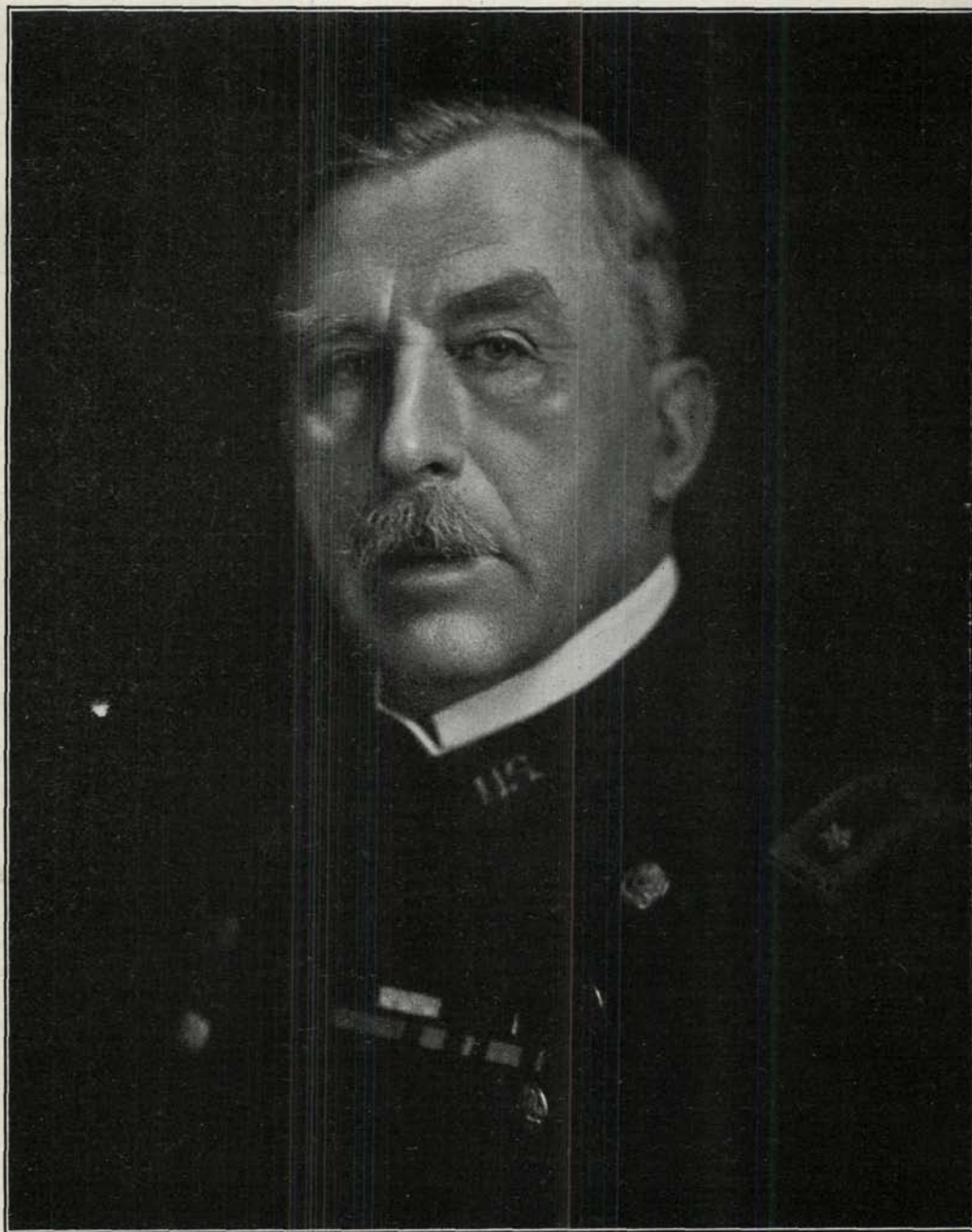
"I lived in the champagne district of France for some time. There is practically no drunkenness there, yet the youngest children drink wine at every meal in their homes, and it is furnished to them at the public schools and the boarding schools. A Sunday-school picnic there would not be complete without wine. The only Protestant church at Rheims, France, where I lived, is a Presbyterian church. My young children attended that church and its Sunday school. The champagne growers and makers always make donations of fine vintage wines to the Sunday schools for their picnics and entertainments. Returning from Sunday school one Sunday one of my young daughters held a package under her arm. I asked her, 'What have you there, dear?' 'I received that as a prize for reciting the Golden Text the best in my class,' she answered. It was a bottle of champagne." . . .



Charlotte Fritchfield

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MAJ.-GEN. LEONARD WOOD

Political lightning is playing on the Presidential horizon of 1920. Major-General Wood is not equipped with a lightning-rod. To the American public Wood is none the less a hero because he had to stay home. As a farsighted military genius, a publicist, and a man of statesmanlike qualities, he is in danger of having greater honors thrust upon him.